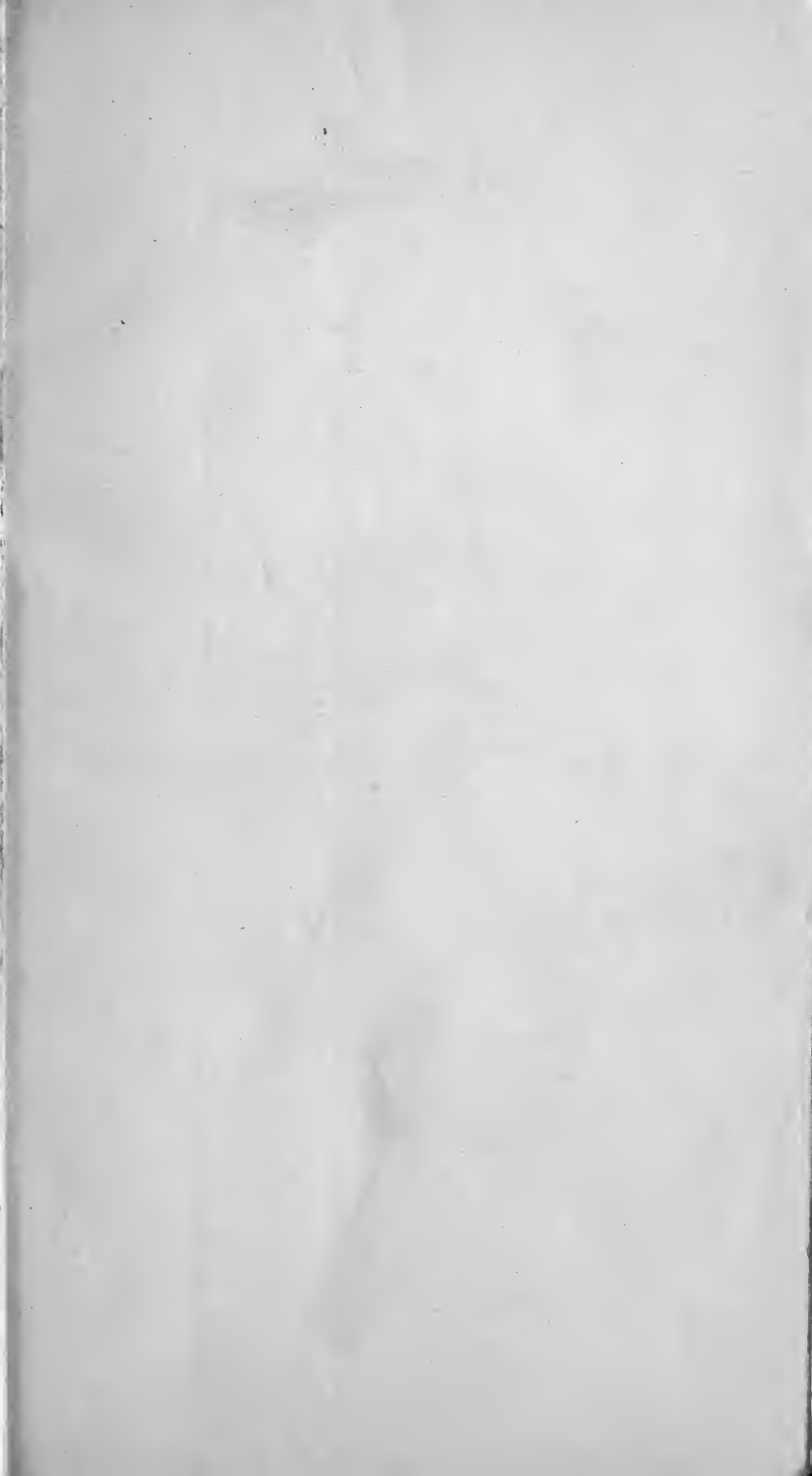


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No. I.

FRENCH'S STANDARD DRAMA.

I O N.

A Tragedy,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

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FRENCH'S STANDARD DRAMA.

No. I.

EDITED BY ESPES SARGENT.

ION.

A Tragedy.

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

**WITH STAGE BUSINESS CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE
POSITIONS, ETC.**

NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH, PUBLISHER,

122 NASSAU STREET.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Original Cast at Covent Garden.</i>	<i>Haymarket, 1832.</i>	<i>Lyric, 1842.</i>
Ion, a Foundling ...	Mr. Macready.	Miss Ellen Tree.	Mrs. Chas. Kean.
Adrastus	" Dale.	Mr. Vandenhoff.	Mr. Charles Keane
Medon, High Priest,	"	" Selby.	" Barry.
Ctesiphon	" H. Wallack.	" Bennett.	" Dyott.
Cassander	" Howard.	" Russell.	" S. Pearson
Agenor	" Pritchard.	" Haines.	" Bland.
Cleon	" Tilbury.	" Gough.	" Vacho.
Phocion	" G. Bennett.	" James Vining.	" Crocker.
Timocles	" Harris.	" Gallot.	" M. Douall.
Crythes	" C. Hill.	" Worrell.	" Gourlay
Soldier			" Gallot.
First Priest			" King.
Second Priest			" Heath.
Irus	Miss Lane.	Miss E. Phillips.	Mrs. Knight.
Clemanthe	" Ellen Tree.	" Miss Taylor.	Miss Crocker.
Abra	" Lacy.		Mrs. Burrows

COSTUMES.

- ION.**—Grecian shirt and toga edged with Grecian border, fleshings and sandals.
Second dress: Same as Adrastus.
- ADRASTUS.**—Grecian shirt, gold breast-plate and lamberkins, fleshings, sandals, regal robes, and crown.
- MEDON.**—White surplice, white robes of toga form, gold bands, vitta round head with white ribbons, fleshings and sandals.
- CTESIPHON.**—Grecian shirt, lamberkins, breast-plate, helmet, fleshings and sandals.
- CRYTHES.**—Same as Ctesiphon.
- PHOCION.**—Grecian shirt, white toga, fleshings, and sandals.
- CASSANDER.**—Same as Phocion.
- AGENOR.**—White surplice, white robes, fleshings, and sandals—like a Priest of Apollo.
- CLEON and TIMOCLES.**—Same as Agenor.
- IRUS.**—Grecian white shirt, fleshings and sandals.
- SOLDIERS.**—Grecian shirts, breast-plates, lamberkins, helmets, fleshings, and sandals.
- CLEMANTHE.**—White and gold Grecian head-dress, white dress and ribbons.
- ABRA.**—Plain Grecian dress.

Priests, Soldiers, &c.

Scene, ARGOS.—The time of the Action is comprised in one day and night, and the following morning.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*
 S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*;
 L. C., *Left of Centre*.

N.B. Passages marked with Inverted Commas, are usually omitted in the representation.

By Exchange

Army and Navy Club

JANUARY 16 1934

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THE Tragedy of Ion was first publicly produced at the Covent Garden Theatre, on the night of Mr. Macready's benefit, 26th of May, 1836. It had been printed, and privately circulated, some months before, but it was not until a London audience had given it the stamp of their approbation, that an edition, large enough to supply the demand of the public, was issued.

The success of this piece in the representation was as decided as it was remarkable and unexpected. That a play so strictly classical in its construction and language, so pervaded by the spirit of the mythology of ancient Greece, and so destitute of those melo-dramatic *coups de theatre*, which are usually considered necessary in order to "bring down the house"—that such a play should not only charm the scholar and the man of letters in the closet, but attract, night after night, large popular audiences, in the representation, might well have been a matter of surprise to the author and his friends.

Not only in England but in the United States, "Ion" continues to be one of the most attractive of stock plays. It was feared by those, who read the piece previous to its performance, that the character and mission of the "de-

P

noted" hero were such as to place him out of the pale of the sympathies of a modern popular audience but it is a great triumph of the author's genius, that notwithstanding the formidable obstacles with which he has to contend, he has placed his tragedy prosperously upon the modern stage, so that it ranks not only among the most beautiful closet dramas, but the most successful acting plays in the English language.

"The title of *Ion*," says Mr. Talfourd, "is borrowed from the Tragedy of Euripides, which gave the first hint of the situation in which its hero is introduced—that of a foundling youth educated in a temple and assisting in its services; but otherwise there is no resemblance between this imperfect sketch and that exquisite picture."

Of Macready's impersonation of the hero, the author says: "It was one of the most remarkable triumphs of art, which has graced the stage of late years. Although other of his performances are abstractedly greater, none I believe approach this as an effort of art, estimated with reference to the nature of the materials which he animated, to the difficulties which he subdued, and to the preconceptions which he charmed away. By the graces of beautiful elocution, he beguiled the audience to receive the drama as belonging to a range of associations which are no longer linked with the living world, but which retain an undying interest of a gentler cast, as a thing which *might have been*. and then by his fearful power of making the fantastic real, he gradually rendered the whole possible—probable—true! The consequence of this extraordinary power of vivifying the frigid, and familiarising the remote, was to dissipate the fears of my friends; to render the play an object of attraction during the short remainder of the season; and to embolden others to attempt the part, and encourage other audiences

to approve it, even when the power which first gave it sanction was wanting."

In regard to Miss Ellen Tree, who, in this country, "illustrated the hero, and made the story of his sufferings and his virtues familiar to transatlantic ears," Mr. Talfourd says: "Who is there who does not feel proud of the just appreciation, by the great American people, of one who is not only the exquisite representative of a range of delightful characters, but of all that is most graceful and refined in English womanhood,—or fail to cherish a wish for her fame and happiness, as if she were a particular friend or relation of his own?"

The moral tone of this exquisite play is throughout vigorous and healthy. The strong anti-monarchical principles, which it inculcates, are manifest on every page; and should contribute largely to its popularity in republican America. The characters of Ion and Adrastus are portrayed and contrasted with a master hand; and the subordinate persons of the drama are all skilfully individualized. Indeed, the play promises long to retain its high place among the most admired and perfect specimens of the British drama.

ION:

A Tragedy

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Interior of the Temple of Apollo, which is supposed to be placed on a rocky eminence.—Early morning.—The interior lighted by a single lamp suspended from the roof.—AGENOR resting against a column, R.—IRUS seated on a bench at the side of the scene, L.*

AGENOR comes forward and speaks, c.

Agenor. WILL the dawn never visit us? These hours
Toil heavy with the unresting curse they bear
To do the work of desolating years!
All distant sounds are hush'd;—the shriek of death
And the survivors' wail are now unheard,
As grief had worn itself to patience. *Irus!*
I'm loth so soon to break thy scanty rest,
But my heart sickens for the tardy morn;
Sure it is breaking; speed and look—yet hold—
Know'st thou the fearful shelf of rock that hangs
Above the encroaching waves, the loftiest point
That stretches eastward?

Irus. Know it? Yes, my lord;
There often have I bless'd the opening day,
Which thy free kindness gave me leave to waste
In happy wandering through the forests.

Agen. Well,
Thou art not then afraid to tread it ; there
The earliest streak from the unrisen sun
Is to be welcomed ; tell me how it gleams,
In bloody portent, or in saffron hope,
And hasten back to slumber.

Irus. I shall hasten ;
Believe not that thy summons broke my rest
I was not sleeping.

[*Exit, L.*]

Agen. Heaven be with thee, child !
His grateful mention of delights bestow'd
On that most piteous state of servile childhood
By liberal words chance-dropp'd, hath touch'd a vein
Of feeling which I deem'd forever numb'd,
And, by a gush of household memories, breaks
The icy casing of that thick despair
Which day by day hath gather'd o'er my heart,
While, basely safe, within this column'd circle,
Uplifted far into the purer air,
And by Apollo's partial love secured,
I have, in spirit, glided with the Plague,
As in foul darkness or in sickliest light
It wafted death through Argos : and mine ears,
Listening athirst for any human sound,
Have caught the dismal cry of confused pain,
Which to this dizzy height the fitful wind
Hath borne from each sad quarter of the vale
Where life was.

Re-enter IRUS, L.

Are there signs of day-break ?

Irus. None ;

The eastern sky is still unbroken gloom.

Agen. It cannot surely be. Thine eyes are dim
(No fault of thine) for want of rest, or now
I look upon them near, with scalding tears.
Hath care alighted on a head so young !
What grief hast thou been weeping ?

Irus. Pardon me ;
I never thought at such a mournful time
To plead my humble sorrow in excuse.

Of poorly-rendered service. but my brother—
Thou may'st have noted him,—a sturdy lad,
With eye so merry and with foot so light
That none could chide his gamesomeness—fell sick
But yesterday, and died in my weak arms
Ere I could seek for stouter aid; I hoped
That I had taught my grief to veil its signs
From thy observant care; but when I stood
Upon the well-known terrace where we loved,
Arm link'd in arm, to watch the gleaming sails—
His favourite pastime, for he burn'd to share
A seaman's hardy lot—my tears would flow,
And I forgot to dry them. But I see
Cleon is walking yonder; let me call him;
For sure 'twill cheer thy heart to speak with him.

Agen. Call him, good youth, and then go in to sleep.
Or, if thou wilt, go weep. [Exit IRUS, L.]

I envy thee
The privilege, but Jupiter forefend
That I should rob thee of it!

Enter CLEON, L.

Cleon. Hail, Agenor!
Dark as our lot remains, 'tis comfort yet
To find thy age unstricken.

Agen. Rather mourn
That I am destined still to linger here,
In strange unnatural strength, while death is round me
I chide these sinews that are framed so tough
Grief cannot palsy them; I chide the air
Which round this citadel of nature breathes
With sweetness not of this world; I would share
The common grave of my dear countrymen,
And sink to rest, while all familiar things
Old custom has endeared are failing with me,
Rather than shiver on in life behind them.
Nor should these walls detain me from the paths
Where death may be embraced, but that my word,
In a rash moment plighted to our host,
Forbids me to depart without his license,
Which firmly he refuses.

Cleon. Do not chide me,
 If I rejoice to find the generous Priest
 Means, with Apollo's blessing, to preserve
 The treasure of thy wisdom;—nay, he trusts not
 To promises alone; his gates are barr'd
 Against thy egress:—none, indeed, may pass them,
 Save the youth Ion, to whose earnest prayer
 His foster-father grants reluctant leave
 To visit the sad city at his will:
 And freely does he use the dangerous boon,
 Which, in my thought, the love that cherish'd him,
 Since he was found within the sacred grove
 Smiling amidst the storm, a most rare infant,
 Should have had sternness to deny.

Agen. What, Ion,
 The only inmate of this fane, allow'd
 To seek the mournful walks where death is busy!—
 Ion, our sometime darling, whom we prized
 As a stray gift, by bounteous Heaven dismiss'd
 From some bright sphere which sorrow may not cloud,
 To make the happy happier? Is he sent
 To grapple with the miseries of this time,
 Whose nature such ethereal aspect wears
 As it would perish at the touch of wrong?
 By no internal contest is he trained
 For such hard duty; no emotions rude
 Have his clear spirit vanquish'd;—Love, the germ
 Of his mild nature, hath spread graces forth,
 Expanding with its progress, as the store
 Of rainbow colour which the seed conceals
 Sheds out its tints from its dim treasury,
 To flush and circle in the flower. No tear
 Hath fill'd his eye save that of thoughtful joy,
 When, in the evening stillness, lovely things
 Press'd on his soul too busily; his voice,
 If in the earnestness of childish sports,
 Raised to the tone of anger, check'd its force,
 As if it fear'd to break its being's law,
 And falter'd into music: when the forms
 Of guilty passion have been made to live
 In pictured speech, and others have wax'd loud

In righteous indignation, he hath heard
With sceptic smile, or from some slender veiu
Of goodness, which surrounding gloom conceal'd,
Struck sunlight o'er it: so his life hath flow'd
From its mysterious urn a sacred stream,
In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
Alone are mirror'd; which, though shapes of ill
May hover round its surface, glides in light,
And takes no shadow from them.

Cleon. Yet, methinks,
Thou hast not lately met him, or a change
Pass'd strangely on him had not miss'd thy wonder.
His form appears dilated; in those eyes,
Where pleasure danced, a thoughtful sadness dwells;
Stern purpose knits the forehead, which till now
Knew not the passing wrinkle of a care;
Those limbs which in their heedless motion own'd
A stripling's playful happiness, are strong
As if the iron hardships of the camp
Had given them sturdy nurture; and his step,
Its airiness of yesterday forgotten,
Awakes the echoes of these desolate courts,
As if a hero of gigantic mould
Paced them in armour.

Agon. Hope is in thy tale.
This is no freak of Nature's wayward course,
But work of pitying Heaven; for not in vain
The gods have pour'd into that guileless heart
The strengths that nerve the hero;—they are ours.

Cleon. How can he aid us? Can he stay the pulse
Of ebbing life,—arrest the infected winds,
Or smite the hungry spectre of the grave?

Agon. And dost thou think these breezes are our foes,—
The innocent airs that used to dance around us,
As if they felt the blessings they convey'd
Or that the death they bear is casual? No!
'Tis human guilt that blackens in the cloud,
Flashes athwart its mass in jagged fire,
Whirls in the hurricane, pollutes the air,
Turns all the joyous melodies of earth
To murmurings of doom. There is a foe,

Who in the glorious summit of the state
 Draws down the great resentment of the gods,
 Whom he defies to strike us;—yet his power
 Partakes that just infirmity which Nature
 Blerds in the empire of her proudest sons—
 That it is cased within a single breast,
 And may be pluck'd thence by a single arm.
 Let but that arm, selected by the gods,
 Do its great office on the tyrant's life,
 And Argos breathes again!

Cleon. A footstep!—hush!

Thy wishes, falling on a slavish ear,
 Would tempt another outrage: 'tis a friend—
 An honest though a crabbed one—Timocles:
 Something hath ruffled him. Good day, Timocles!

[TIMOCLES passes in front.]

He will not speak to us.

Agen. But he *shall* speak.

Timocles—nay then, thus I must enforce thee! [*Staying him.*
 Sure thou wilt not refuse a comrade's hand,
 That may be cold ere sunset.

Tim. (*giving his hand.*) Thou may'st school me;
 Thy years and love have license; but I own not
 A stripling's mastery; is't fit, Agenor?

Agen. Nay, thou must tell thy wrong: whate'er it prove,
 I hail thy anger as a hopeful sign,
 For it revives the thought of household days,
 When the small bickerings of friends had space
 To fret, and Death was not forever nigh
 To frown upon Estrangement. What has moved thee?

Tim. I blush to tell it. Weary of the night
 And of my life, I sought the western portal:
 It opened, when ascending from the stair
 That through the rock winds spiral from the town,
 Ion, the foundling cherish'd by the Priest,
 Stood in the entrance: with such mild command
 As he has often smilingly obey'd,
 I bade him stand aside and let me pass;
 When—wouldst thou think it?—in determined speech,
 He gave me counsel to return; I press'd
 Impatient onward: he, with honey'd phrase

His daring act excusing, grasped my arm
With strength resistless; led me from the gate
Replaced its ponderous bars; and, with a look
As modest as he wore in childhood, left me.

Agen. And thou wilt thank him for it soon: he can—
Now hold thy angry purpose, if thou can'st!

Enter ION, L.

Ion. I seek thee, good Timocles, to implore
Again thy pardon. I am young in trust,
And fear, lest, in the earnestness of love,
I stayed thy course too rudely. Thou hast borne
My childish folly often,—do not frown
If I have ventured with unmanner'd zeal
To guard the ripe experiences of years
From one rash moment's danger.

Tim. Leave thy care.
If I am weary of the flutterer life,
Is mortal bidding thus to cage it in?

Ion (crosses c). And art thou tired of being? Has the grave
No terrors for thee? Hast thou sunder'd quite
Those thousand meshes which old custom weaves
To bind us earthward, and gay fancy films
With airy lustre various? Hast subdued
Those cleavings of the spirit to its prison,
Those nice regards, dear habits, pensive memories,
That change the valour of the thoughtful breast
To brave dissimulation of its fears?
Is Hope quench'd in thy bosom? Thou art free,
And in the simple dignity of man
Standest apart untempted;—do not lose
The great occasion thou hast pluck'd from misery.
Nor play the spendthrift with a great despair,
But use it nobly!

Tim. What, to strike? to slay

Ion. No!—not unless the audible voice of Heaven
Call thee to that dire office; but to shed
On ears abused by falsehood, truths of power
In words immortal,—not such words as flash
From the fierce demagogue's unthinking rage
To madden for a moment and expire,—

Nor such as the rapt orator imbues
 With warmth of facile sympathy, and moulds
 To mirrors radiant with fair images,
 To grace the noble fervour of an hour ;—
 But words which bear the spirits of great deeds
 Wing'd for the Future ; which the dying breath
 Of Freedom's martyr shapes as it exhales.
 And to the most enduring forms of earth
 Commits—to linger in the craggy shade
 Of the huge valley, 'neath the eagle's home
 Or in the sea-cave where the tempest sleeps,
 Till some heroic leader bid them wake
 To thrill the world with echoes !—But I talk
 Of things above my grasp, which strangely press
 Upon my soul, and tempt me to forget
 The duties of my youth ; pray you forgive me.

Tim. Have I not said so ?

Agen. Welcome to the morn !

The eastern gates unfold, the Priest approaches ;

[*As Agenor speaks, the great gates at the back of the Scene open ; the Sea is discovered far beneath,—the dawn breaking over it.*]

MEDON, the Priest, enters, attended.

And lo ! the sun is struggling with the gloom,
 Whose masses fill the eastern sky, and tints
 Its edges with dull red ;—but he will triumph ;
 Bless'd be the omen !

Medon. God of light and joy,
 Once more delight us with thy healing beams !
 If I may trace thy language in the clouds
 That wait upon thy rising, help is nigh—
 But help achieved in blood.

Ion. Say'st thou in blood ?

Medon. Yes, Ion !—why, he sickens at the word,
 Spite of his new-born strength : the sights of woe
 That he will seek have shed their paleness on him.
 Has this night's walk shown more than common sorrow !

Ion. I pass'd the palace where the frantic king
 Yet holds his crimson revel when the roar
 Of desperate mirth came, mingling with the sigh
 Of death-subdued robustness, and the gleam

Of festal lamps 'mid spectral columns hung
Flaunting o'er shapes of anguish, made them ghastlier.
How can I cease to tremble for the sad ones?
He mocks—and him, the wretchedest of all?

Tim. And canst thou pity him? Dost thou discern,
Amidst his impious darings, plea for him?

Ion. Is he not childless, friendless, and a king?
He's human; and some pulse of good must live
Within his nature—have ye tried to wake it?

Medon. Yes; I believe he felt our sufferings once;
When, at my strong entreaty, he despatch'd
Phocion, my son, to Delphos, there to seek
Our cause of sorrow; but, as time dragg'd on
Without his messenger's return, he grew
Impatient of all counsel,—to his palace
In awful mood retiring, wildly call'd
The reckless of his court to share its stores,
And end all with him. When we dared disturb
His dreadful feasting with a humble prayer
That he would meet us, the poor slave, who bore
The message, flew back smarting from the scourge,
And mutter'd a decree that he who next
Unbidden met the tyrant's glance, should die.

Agén. I am prepared to brave it.

Cleon. So am I.

Tim. And I—

Ion. O, Sages, do not think my prayer
Bespeaks unseemly forwardness—send me!
The coarsest reed that trembles in the marsh,
If Heaven select it for its instrument,
May shed celestial music on the breeze,
As clearly as the pipe whose virgin gold
Befits the lip of Phœbus;—ye are wise;
And needed by your country; ye are fathers.
I am a lone stray thing, whose little life
By strangers' bounty cherish'd, like a wave,
That from the summer sea a wanton breeze
Lifts for a moment's sparkle, will subside
Light as it rose, nor leave a sigh in breaking.

Medon. Ion, no sigh!

Ion. Forgive me, if I seem'd

To doubt that thou wilt mourn me if I fall;
 Nor would I tax thy love with such a fear,
 But that high promptings, which could never rise
 Spontaneous in my nature, bid me plead
 Thus boldly for the mission.

Medon. My brave boy!

It shall be as thou wilt. I see thou art call'd
 To this great peril, and I will not stay thee.
 When wilt thou be prepared to seek it?

Ion. Now.

Only before I go, thus, on my knee,
 Let me in one word thank thee for a life
 Made by thy love a cloudless holiday;
 And, oh, my more than father! let me look
 Up to thy face, as if indeed a father's,
 And give me a son's blessing.

Medon. Bless thee, son!

I should be marble now; let's part at once.

Ion. If I should not return, bless Phocion for me;
 And, for Clemanthe—may I speak one word,
 One parting word, with my fair playfellow?

Medon. If thou wouldst have it so, thou shalt.

Ion. Farewell then!

Your prayers wait on my steps. The arm of Heaven
 I feel, in life or death, will be around me. [Exit, L.]

Medon. O grant it be in life! Let's to the sacrifice.

[Exit, R.]

SCENE II.—An Apartment of the Temple.

Enter CLEMANTHE, followed by ABRA, R.

Clem. Is he so changed?

Abra. His bearing is so alter'd,
 That, distant, I scarce knew him for himself;
 But, looking in his face, I felt his smile
 Gracious as ever, though its sweetness wore
 Unwonted sorrow in it.

Clem. He will go
 To some high fortune, and forget us all,
 Reclaim'd (be sure of it) by noble parents;
 Me, he forgets already; for five days,
 Five melancholy days, I have not seen him.

Abra. Thou knowest that he has privilege to range
The infected city ; and, 'tis said, he spends
The hours of needful rest in squalid hovels
Where death is most forsaken.

Clem. Why is this ?

Why should my father, niggard of the lives
Of aged men, be prodigal of youth
So rich in glorious prophecy as his ?

Abra. He comes to answer for himself. I'll leave you.

[*Exit, A.*]

Clem. Stay! Well my heart may guard its secret best
By its own strength.

Enter Ion, L.

Ion. How fares my pensive sister ?

Clem. How should I fare but ill, when the pale hand
Draws the black foldings of the eternal curtain
Closer and closer round us—Phocion absent—
And thou, forsaking all within thy home,
Wilt risk thy life with strangers, in whose aid
Even thou canst do but little ?

Ion. It is little :

But in these sharp extremities of fortune,
The blessings which the weak and poor can scatter
Have their own season. 'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water ; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drain'd by fever'd lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense ; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourn'd, 'twill 'all
Like choicest music ; fill the glazing eye
With gentle tears ; relax the knotted hand
To know the bonds of fellowship again ;
And shed on the departing soul a sense,
More precious than the benison of friends
About the honoured death-bed of the rich,
To him who else were lonely, that another
Of the great family is near and feels.

Clem. Oh, thou canst never bear these mournful offices!

So blithe, so merry once! Will not the sight
Of frenzied agonies unfix thy reason,
Or the dumb woe congeal thee?

Ion. No, Clemanthe:

They are the patient sorrows that touch nearest!
If thou hadst seen the warrior, when he writhed
In the last grapple of his sinewy frame
With conquering anguish, strive to cast a smile
(And not in vain) upon his fragile wife,
Waning beside him,—and, his limbs composed,
The widow of the moment fix her gaze
Of longing, speechless love, upon the babe,
The only living thing which yet was hers,
Spreading its arms for its own resting-place,
Yet with attenuated hand wave off
The unstricken child, and so embraceless die
Stifling the mighty hunger of the heart;
Thou could'st endure the sight of selfish grief
In sullenness or frenzy;—but to-day
Another lot falls on me.

Clem. Thou wilt leave us!

I read it plainly in thy altered mien.
Is it for ever?

Ion. That is with the gods!

I go but to the palace, urged by hope,
Which from afar hath darted on my soul,
That to the humbleness of one like me
The haughty king may listen.

Clem. To the palace!

Knowest thou the peril—nay, the certain issue
That waits thee? Death!—The tyrant has decreed it,
Confirmed it with an oath; and he has power
To keep that oath; for, hated as he is,
The reckless soldiers who partake his riot
Are swift to do his bidding.

Ion. I know all!

But they who call me to the work can shield me,
Or make me strong to suffer.

Clem. Then the sword

Falls on thy neck! O gods! to think that thou,
Who in the plenitude of youthful life
Art now before me, ere the sun decline,
Perhaps in one short hour, shalt lie cold, cold,
To speak, smile, bless no more!—Thou shalt not go

Ion. Thou must not stay me, fair one: even thy father,
Who (blessings on him!) loves me as his son,
Yields to the will of Heaven.

Clem. And can he do this!
I shall not bear his presence, if thou fallest
By his consent: so shall I be alone.

Ion. Phocion will soon return, and juster thoughts
Of thy admiring father close the gap
Thy old companion left behind him.

Clem. Never!
What will to me be father, brother, friends,
When thou art gone—the light of our life quenched—
Haunting like spectres of departed joy
The home where thou wert dearest?

Ion. Thrill me not
With words that, in their agony, suggest
A hope too ravishing,—or my head will swim,
And my heart faint within me.

Clem. Has my speech
Such blessed power? I will not mourn it then,
Though it had told a secret I had borne
Till death in silence: how affection grew
To this, I know not:—day succeeded day,
Each fraught with the same innocent delights,
Without one shock to ruffle the disguise
Of sisterly regard which veil'd it well,
Till thy changed mien reveal'd it to my soul,
And thy great peril makes me bold to tell it.
Do not despise it in me!

Ion. With deep joy
Thus I receive it. Trust me, it is long
Since I have learn'd to tremble 'mid our pleasures,
Lest I should break the golden dream around me
With most ungrateful rashness. I should bless
The sharp and perilous duty which hath press'd
A life's deliciousness into these moments,—

Which here must end. I came to say farowell,
And the word must be said.

Clem. Thou can'st not mean it!
Have I disclaimed all maiden bashfulness,
To tell the cherished secret of my soul
To my soul's master, and in rich return
Obtained the dear assurance of his love,
To hear him speak that miserable word
I cannot—will not echo?

Ion. Heaven has called me,
And I have pledged my honour. When thy heart
Bestowed its preference on a friendless boy,
Thou didst not image him a recreant; nor
Must he prove so, by thy election crown'd.
Thou hast endow'd me with a right to claim
Thy help through this our journey, be its course
Lengthen'd to age, or in an hour to end;
And now I ask it!—~~My~~ my courage hold,
And with thy free approval send me forth
In soul apparelled for my office!

Clem. Go!
I would not have thee other than thou art,
Living or dying; and if thou shouldst fall—

Ion. Be sure I shall return.

Clem. If thou shouldst fall,
I shall be happier as the affianced bride
Of thy cold ashes, than in proudest fortunes—
Thine—ever thine—

[*She faints in his arms*]

Ion (*calls.*) Abra!—So best to part—

Enter ABRA, with attendant, R.

Let her have air; be near her through the day;
I know thy tenderness—should ill news come,
Of any friend, she will require it all.

[*ABRA bears CLEMANTE out, R.*]

Ye gods, that have enriched the life ye claim
With priceless treasure, strengthen me to yield it!

[*Exit, L.*]

FND OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A terrace of the Palace.*

ADRASTUS, CRYTHES, and GUARDS, *from the Terrace,* c

Adras. The air breathes freshly after our long night
Of glorious revelry. I'll walk awhile.

Cry. It blows across the town: dost thou not fear
It bear infection with it?

Adras. Fear! dost talk
Of fear to me? I deem'd even thy poor thoughts
Had better scann'd their master. Prithee tell me,
In what act, word, or look, since I have borne
Thy converse here, hast thou discern'd such baseness
As makes thee bold to prate to me of fear?

Cry. My liege, of human might all know thee fearless
But may not heroes shun the elements
When sickness taints them?

Adras. Let them blast me now!—
I stir not—tremble not! These massive walls
Whose date o'erawes tradition, gird the home
Of a great race of kings, along whose line
The eager mind lives aching, through the darkness
Of ages else unstoried, till its shapes
Of arméd sovereigns spread to godlike port,
And, frowning in the uncertain dawn of time,
Strike awe, as powers who ruled an elder world,
In mute obedience. I, sad heritor
Of all their glories, feel our doom is nigh;
And I will meet it as befits their fame:
Nor will I vary my selected path
The breadth of my sword's edge, nor check a wish
If such unkingly yielding might avert it.

Cry. Thou art ever royal in thy thoughts.

Adras. No more—
I would be private. [*Exit CRYTHES, with guards.* a
Grovvelling parasite!
Why should I waste these fate-environ'd hours,
And pledge my great defiance to despair,
With flatterers such as thou!—as if my joys

Required the pale reflections cast by slaves
 In mirror'd mockery round my throne, or lack'd
 The aid of reptile sympathies to stream
 Through fate's black pageantry? - Let weakness seek
 Companionship : I'll henceforth feast alone.

Enter a SOLDIER, R.

Sol. My liege, forgive me.

Adras. Well! speak out at once
 Thy business and retire.

Sol. I have no part
 In the presumptuous message that I bear.

Adras. Tell it, or go. There is no time to waste
 On idle terrors.

Sol. Thus it is, my lord:—
 As we were burnishing our arms, a man
 Enter'd the court, and when we saw him first
 Was tending towards the palace; in amaze
 We hail'd the rash intruder; still he walk'd
 Unheeding onward, till the western gate
 Barr'd further course: then turning, he besought
 Our startled band to herald him to thee,
 That he might urge a message which the sages
 Had charged him to deliver.

Adras. Ha! the greybeards,
 Who, 'mid the altars of the gods, conspire
 To cast the image of supernal power
 From earth, its shadow consecrates. What sage
 Is so resolved to play the orator
 That he would die for't?

Sol. He is but a youth,
 Yet urg'd his prayer with a sad constancy
 Which could not be denied.

Adras. Most bravely plann'd!
 Sedition worthy of the reverent host
 Of sophist traitors; brave to scatter fancies
 Of discontent 'midst sturdy artizans,
 Whose honest sinews they direct unseen,
 And make their proxies in the work of peri!
 'Tis fit, when burning to insult their king,
 And warn'd the pleasure must be bought with life,

Their valour send a boy to speak their wisdom !
Thou know'st my last decree ; tell this rash youth
The danger he incurs ; then let him pass.
And own the king more gentle than his masters.

Sol. We have already told him of the fate,
Which waits his daring ; courteously he thank'd us
But still with solemn aspect urged his suit.

Adras. Tell him once more, if he persists, he dies—
Then, if he will, admit him. Should he hold
His purpose, order Crythes to conduct him,
And see the headsman instantly prepare
To do his office. [*Exit SOLDIER.*

So resolved, so young—
'Twere pity he should fall ; yet he *must* fall,
Or the great sceptre, which hath sway'd the fears
Of ages, will become a common staff,
For youth to wield or age to rest upon,
Despoil'd of all its virtues. He *must* fall,
Else, they who prompt the insult will grow bold,
And with their pestilent vauntings through the city
Raise the low fog of murky discontent,
Which now creeps harmless through its marshy birth-place
To veil my setting glories. He is warn'd ;
And if he cross yon threshold, he shall die.

Enter CRYTHES and ION, R.

Cry. The king !

Adras. Stranger, I bid thee welcome ;
We are about to tread the same dark passage,
Thou almost on the instant. Is the sword [*To CRYTHES*
Of justice sharpen'd, and the headsman ready ?

Cry. Thou mayst behold them plainly in the court :
Even now the solemn soldiers line the ground ;
The steel gleams on the altar ; and the slave
Disrobes himself for duty.

Adras. (to ION.) Dost thou see them ?

Ion. I do.

Adras. By Heaven, he does not charge !
If, even now, thou wilt depart, and leave
Thy traitorous thoughts unspoken, thou art free.

Ion. I thank thee for thy offer ; but I stand.

Before thee for the lives of thousands, rich
 In all that makes life precious to the brave;
 Who perish not alone, but in their fall
 Break the far spreading tendrils that they feed,
 And leave them nurtureless. If thou wilt hear me
 For them, I am content to speak no more.

Adras. Thou hast thy wish then. Crythes! till yet dial
 Casts its thin shadow on the approaching hour,
 I hear this gallant traitor. On the instant,
 Come without word, and lead him to his doom.
 Now leave us.

Cry. What, alone?

Adras. Yes, slave! alone.

He is no assassin!

[*Exit CRYTHES, &c.*]

Tell me who thou art.

What generous source owns that heroic blood,
 Which holds its course thus bravely? What great wars
 Have nursed the courage that can look on death,
 Certain and speedy death, with placid eye?

Ion. I am a simple youth, who never bore
 The weight of armour,—one who may not boast
 Of noble birth or valour of his own.

Deem not the powers which nerve me thus to speak
 In thy great presence, and have made my heart
 Upon the verge of bloody death as calm,

As equal in its beatings, as when sleep
 Approach'd me nestling from the sportive toils
 Of thoughtless childhood, and celestial dreams
 Began to glimmer through the deepening shadows
 Of soft oblivion,—to belong to me!

These are the strengths of Heaven: to thee they speak,
 Bid thee to hearken to thy people's cry,
 Or warn thee that thy hour must shortly come!

Adras. I know it must; so mayst thou spare thy warn-
 ings.

The envious gods in me have doom'd a race,
 Whose glories stream from the same cloud-girt founts,
 Whence their own dawn'd upon the infant world:
 And I shall sit on my ancestral throne
 To meet their vengeance; but, till then, I rule
 As I have ever ruled, and thou wilt feel

Ion. I will not further urge thy safety to thee.
It may be, as thou sayst, too late; nor seek
To make thee tremble at the gathering curse
Which shall burst forth in mockery at thy fall:
But thou art gifted with a nobler sense—
I know thou art, my sovereign!—sense of pain
Endured by myriad Argives, in whose souls,
And in whose fathers' souls, thou and thy fathers
Have kept their cherish'd state; whose heartstrings, still
The living fibres of thy rooted power,
Quiver with agonies thy crimes have drawn
From heavenly justice on them.

Adras. How! my crimes?

Ion. Yes; 'tis the eternal law, that where guilt is,
Sorrow shall answer it; and thou hast not
A poor man's privilege to bear alone,
Or in the narrow circle of his kinsmen,
The penalties of evil, for in thine
A nation's fate lies circled.—King Adrastus!
Steel'd as thy heart is with the usages
Of pomp and power, a few short summers since
Thou wert a child, and canst not be relentless.
Oh, if maternal love embraced thee then,
Think of the mothers who with eyes unwet
Glare o'er their perishing children: hast thou shared
The glow of a first friendship, which is born
'Midst the rude sports of boyhood, think of youth
Smitten with its playthings; let the spirit
Of thy own innocent childhood whisper pity!

Adras. In every word thou dost but steel my soul.
My youth was blasted: parents, brother, kin—
All that should people infancy with joy—
Conspired to poison mine; despoil'd my life
Of innocence and hope—all but the sword
And sceptre—dost thou wonder at me now?

Ion. I knew that we should pity—

Adras. Pity! dare
To speak that word again, and torture waits thee!
I am yet king of Argos. Well, go on—
Thy time is short, and I am pledged to hear.

Ion. If thou hast ever loved—

Adras. Beware! beware!

Ion. Thou hast! I see thou hast! Thou art not marble
And thou shalt hear me!—Think upon the time
When the clear depths of thy yet lucid soul
Were ruffled with the troublings of strange joy
As if some unseen visitant from heaven
Touch'd the calm lake, and wreathed its images
In sparkling waves! Recall the dallying hope
That on the margin of assurance trembled,
As loth to lose in certainty too bless'd,
Its happy being; taste in thought again
Of the stolen sweetness of those evening walks,
When panted turf was air to winged feet,
And circling forests, by ethereal touch
Enchanted, wore the livery of the sky,
As if about to melt in golden light
Shapes of one heavenly vision; and thy heart,
Enlarged by its new sympathy with one,
Grew bountiful to all!

Adras. That tone! that tone!

Whence came it? from thy lips! it cannot be—
The long-hush'd music of the only voice
That ever spake unbought affection to me,
And waked my soul to blessing! O sweet hours
Of golden joy, ye come! your glories break
Through my pavilion'd spirit's sable folds!
Roll on! roll on! Stranger, thou dost enforce me
To speak of things unbreathed by lip of mine
To human ear: wilt listen?

Ion. As a child.

Adras. Again! that voice again! thou hast seen me
moved

As never mortal saw me, by a tone
Which some light breeze, enamour'd of the sound,
Hath wafted through the woods, till thy young voice
Caught it to rive and melt me. At my birth
This city, which, expectant of its Prince,
Lay hush'd, broke out in clamorous ecstasies;
Yet, in that moment, while the uplifted cups
Foam'd with the choicest product of the sun,
And welc'd me thunder'd from a thousand throats,

My doom was seal'd. From the hearth's vacant space,
 In the dark chamber where my mother lay,
 Faint with the sense of pain-bought happiness,
 Came forth, in heart-appalling tone, these words
 Of me the nurseling :—" Woe unto the babe !
 " Against the life which now begins, shall life,
 " Lighted from thence, be arm'd, and, both soon quench'd,
 " End this great line in sorrow !" — Ere I grew
 Of years to know myself a thing accursed,
 A second son was born, to steal the love
 Which fate had else scarce rifled : he became
 My parents' hope, the darling of the crew
 Who lived upon their smiles, and thought it flattery
 To trace in every foible of my youth—
 A prince's youth ! — the workings of the curse.
 My very mother—Jove ! I cannot bear
 To speak it now—looked freezingly upon me !

Ion. But thy brother—

Adras. Died. Thou hast heard the lie,
 The common lie that every peasant tells
 Of me his master,—that I slew the boy.
 'Tis false ! One summer's eve, below a rag
 Which, in his wilful mood, he strove to climb.
 He lay a mangled corpse : the very slaves,
 Whose cruelty had shut him from my heart
 Now coined their own injustice into proofs
 To brand me as his murderer.

Ion. Did they dare
 Accuse thee ?

Adras. Not in open speech : they felt
 I should have seized the miscreant by the throat
 And crushed the lie, half-spoken, with the life
 Of the base speaker ; but the lie look'd out
 From the stolen gaze of coward eyes, which shrank
 When mine have met them ; murmur'd through the crowd
 That at the sacrifice, or feast, or game,
 Stood distant from me ; burnt into my soul
 When I beheld it in my father's shudder !

Ion. Didst not declare thy innocence ?

Adras. To whom ?
 To parents who could doubt me ? To the ring

Of grave impostors, or their shallow sons,
 Who should have studied to prevent my wish,
 Before it grew to language; hailed my choice
 To service as a prize to wrestle for;
 And whose reluctant courtesy I bore,
 Pale with proud anger, till from lips compress'd
 The blood has started? To the common herd,
 The vassals of our ancient house, the mass
 Of bones and muscles framed to till the soil
 A few brief years, then rot unnamed beneath it,
 Or, deck'd for slaughter at their master's call,
 To smite and to be smitten, and lie crush'd
 In heaps to swell his glory or his shame?
 Answer to them? No! though my heart had burst,
 As it was nigh to bursting!—To the mountains
 I fled, and on their pinnacles of snow
 Breasted the icy wind, in hope to cool
 My spirit's fever—struggled with the oak
 In search of weariness, and learn'd to rive
 Its stubborn boughs, till limbs, once lightly strung,
 Might mate in cordage with its infant stems;
 Or on the sea-beat rock tore off the vest
 Which burnt upon my bosom, and to air
 Headlong committed, clove the water's depth
 Which plummet never sounded;—but in vain.

Ion. Yet succour came to thee?

Adras. A blessed one!

Which the strange magic of thy voice revives,
 And thus unlocks my soul. My rapid steps
 Were, in a wood-encircled valley, stayed
 By the bright vision of a maid, whose face
 Most lovely, more than loveliness reveal'd,
 In touch of patient grief, which dearer seem'd
 Than happiness to spirit sear'd like mine.
 With feeble hands she strove to lay in earth
 The body of her aged sire, whose death
 Left her alone. I aided her sad work,
 And soon two lonely ones, by holy rites,
 Became one happy being. Days, weeks, months,
 In stream-like unity flow'd silent by us
 In our delightful nest. My father's spies—

Slaves, whom my nod should have consign'd to stripes
Or the swift falchion—tracked our sylvan home
Just as my bosom knew its second joy,
And, spite of fortune, I embraced a son.

Ion. Urged by thy trembling parents to avert
That dreadful prophecy?

Adras. Fools! did they deem
Its worst accomplishment could match the ill
Which they wrought on me? It had left unharm'd
A thousand ecstasies of passion'd years,
Which, tasted once, live ever, and disdain
Fate's iron grapple! Could I now behold
That son, with knife uplifted at my heart,
A moment ere my life-blood followed it,
I would embrace him with my dying eyes,
And pardon destiny! While jocund smiles
Wreathed on the infant's face, as if sweet spirits
Suggested pleasant fancies to its soul,
The ruffians broke upon us; seized the child;
Dash'd through the thicket to the beetling rock
'Neath which the deep wave eddies: I stood still
As stricken into stone; I heard him cry,
Press'd by the rudeness of the murderer's gripe,
Severer ill unfearing—then the splash
Of waters that shall cover him for ever;
And could not stir to save him!

Ion. And the mother—

Adras. She spake no word, but clasped me in her arms,
And lay her down to die. A lingering gaze
Of love she fix'd on me—none other loved,—
And so pass'd hence. By Jupiter, her look!
Her dying patience glimmers in thy face!
She lives again! She looks upon me now!
There's magic in't. Bear with me—I am childish.

Enter CRYTHES, and Guards, r.

Adras. Why art thou here?

Cry. The dial points the hour.

Adras. Dost thou not see that horrid purpose pass'd?
Hast thou no heart—no sense?

Cry. Scarce half an hour

Hath flown since the command on which I wait.

Adras. Scarce half an hour!—years—years have roll'd since then.

Begone! remove that pageantry of death—
It blasts my sight—and hearken! Touch a hair
Of this brave youth, or look on him as now
With thy cold headsman's eye, and yonder band
Shall not expect a fearful show in vain.

Hence, without word!

[*Exit CRYTHES, R.*]

What wouldst thou have me do?

Ion. Let thy awakened heart speak its own language;
Convene thy Sages;—frankly, nobly meet them;
Explore with them the pleasure of the gods,
And, whatso'er the sacrifice, perform it.

Adras. Well! I will seek their presence in an hour;
Go summon them, young hero: hold! no word
Of the strange passion thou hast witness'd here.

Ion. Distrust me not!—Benignant powers, I thank ye!

[*Exit, R.*]

Adras. Yet stay—he's gone—his spell is on me yet;
What have I promised him? To meet the men
Who from my living head would strip the crown
And sit in judgment on me?—I must do it—
Yet shall my band be ready to o'erawe
The course of liberal speech, and, if it rise
So as too loudly to offend my ear,
Strike the rash brawler dead!—What idle dream
Of long-past days had melted me? It fades—
It vanishes—I am again a king!

SCENE II.—*The Interior of the Temple*

[*Same as Act I. Scene I.*]

CLEMANTHE seated—ABRA attending her.

Abra. Look, dearest lady!—the thin smoke aspires
In the calm air, as when in happier times
It show'd the gods propitious: wilt thou seek
Thy chamber, lest thy father and his friends,
Returning, find us hinderers of their council?
She answers not—she hearkens not—with joy

Could I believe her, for the first time, sullen!
Still she is rapt.

Enter AGENOR, L.

Oh, speak to my sweet mistress;
Haply thy voice may rouse her.

Agén. Dear Clemanthe,
Hope dawns in every omen; we shall hail
Our tranquil hours again.

Enter MEDON, CLEON, TIMOCLES, and Others, L.

Medon. Clemanthe here!

How sad! how pale!

Abrá. Her eye is kindling—hush!

Clem. Hark! hear ye not a distant footstep?

Medon. No.

Look round, my fairest child; thy friends are near thee.

Clem. Yes! now 'tis lost—'tis on that endless stair!

Nearer and more distinct—'tis his—'tis his—

He lives! he comes! [*Rises and rushes to back of the stage,*
at which Ion appears, c. and returns with her, c.]

Here is your messenger,

Whom Heaven has rescued from the tyrant's rage.

Ye sent him forth to brave. Rejoice, old men,

That ye are guiltless of his blood!—why pause ye?

Why shout ye not his welcome?

Medon. Dearest girl,

This is no scene for thee; go to thy chamber,

I'll come to thee ere long. [*Exeunt CLEMANTHE and ABRA.*]

She is o'erwrought

By fear and joy for one whose infant hopes

Were mingled with her own, even as a brother's.

Tim. Ion!

How shall we do thee honour?

Ion. None is due,

Save to the gods whose gracious influence sways

The king ye deem'd relentless;—he consents

To meet ye presently in council:—speed;

This may be nature's latest rally in him,

In fitful strength, ere it be quench'd for ever!

Medon. Haste to your seats! I will but speak a word

With our brave friend, and follow; though convened

In speed, let our assembly lack no forms

Of due observance, which to furious power
Plead with the silen: emphasis of years.

[*Exeunt all but MEDON and Ion.*]

Ion, draw near me; this eventful day
Hath shown thy nature's graces circled round
With firmness which accomplishes the hero:—
And it would bring to me but one proud thought—
That virtues which required not culture's aid
Shed their first fragrance 'neath my roof, and there
Found shelter;—but it also hath reveal'd
What I may not hide from thee, that my child,
My blithe and innocent girl—more fair in soul,
More delicate in fancy, than in mould—
Loves thee with other than a sister's love.
I should have cared for this: I vainly deem'd
A fellowship in childhood's thousand joys
And household memories had nurtured friendship
Which might hold blameless empire in the soul;
But in that guise the traitor hath stolen in,
And the fair citadel is thine.

Ion. 'Tis true.

I did not think the nursing of thy house
Could thus disturb its holiest inmate's duty
With tale of selfish passion;—but we met
As playmates who might never meet again,
And then the hidden truth flash'd forth and show'd
To each the image in the other's soul
In one bright instant.

Medon. Be that instant blest
Which made thee truly ours. My son! my son!
'Tis we should feel uplifted, for the seal
Of greatness is upon thee; yet I know
That when the gods, won by thy virtues, draw
The veil which now conceals their lofty birth-lace,
Thou wilt not spurn the maid who prized them lowly.

Ion. Spurn her! My father!

[*Enter CTESIPHON, C.*]

Medon. Ctesiphon!—and breathless—
Art come to chide me to the council?

Ctes. No;
To bring unwonted joy; thy son approaches.

Medon. Thank Heaven ! Hast spoken with him ? is he well ?

Ctes. I strove in vain to reach him, for the crowd,
Roused from the untended couch and dismal hearth,
By the strange visiting of hope, press'd round him !
But, by his head erect and fiery glance,
I know that he is well, and that he bears
A message which shall shake the tyrant. (*Shouts without.*)
See !

The throng is tending this way—now it parts
And yields him to thy arms.

Enter PHOCION, L.

Medon. Welcome, my Phocion—
Long waited for in Argos ; how detain'd
Now matters not, since thou art here in joy.
Hast brought the answer of the god ?

Pho. I have :
Now let Adrastus tremble !

Medon. May we hear it ?

Pho. I am sworn first to utter it to him.

Ctes. But it is fatal to him !—say but that !

Pho. Ha, Ctesiphon !—I mark'd thee not before ;
How fares thy father ?

Ion (*to PHOCION*). Do not speak of him.

Ctes. (*overhearing ION*). Not speak of him ! Dost think
there is a moment

When common things eclipse the burning thought
Of him and vengeance ?

Pho. Has the tyrant's sword—

Ctes. No, Phocion ; that were merciful and brave
Compared to his base deed ; yet will I tell it [*crosses to c.*]
To make the flashing of thine eye more deadly,
And edge thy words that they may rive his heartstrings
The last time that Adrastus dared to face
The Sages of the state, although my father
Yielding to nature's mild decay, had left
All worldly toil and hope, he gathered strength,
In his old seat to speak one word of warning.
Thou know'st how bland with years his wisdom grew
And with what phrases, steep'd in love, he sheath'd
The sharpness of rebuke ; yet, ere his speech

Was closed, the tyrant started from his throne,
And with his base hand smote him ;—'twas his death-stroke !
The old man tottered home, and only once
Raised his head after.

Pho. Thou wert absent? Yes !
The royal miscreant lives.

Ctes. Had I beheld
That sacrilege, the tyrant had lain dead,
Or I had been torn piecemeal by his minions.
But I was far away ; when I return'd,
I found my father on the nearest bench
Within our door, his thinly silver'd head
Supported by wan hands, which hid his face,
And would not be withdrawn ; no groan, no sigh
Was audible, and we might only learn,
By short convulsive tremblings of his frame,
That life still flicker'd in it—yet at last,
By some unearthly inspiration roused,
He dropp'd his wither'd hands, and sat erect
As in his manhood's glory—the free blood
Flush'd crimson through his cheeks, his furrow'd brow
Expanded clear, and his eyes opening full,
Gleam'd with a youthful fire ;—I fell in awe
Upon my knees before him—still he spake not,
But slowly raised his arm untrembling ; clench'd
His hand as if it grasp'd an airy knife,
And struck in air : my hand was join'd with his
In nervous grasp—my lifted eye met his
In steadfast gaze—my pressure answer'd his—
We knew at once each other's thought ; a smile
Of the old sweetness play'd upon his lips,
And life forsook him. Weaponless I flew
To seek the tyrant, and was driven with scoffs
From the proud gates which shelter him. He lives—
And I am here to babble of revenge !

Pho. It comes, my friend—haste with me to the king !

Ion. Even while we speak, Adrastus meets his council
There let us seek him . should ye find him touch'd
With penitence, as happily ye may,
Oh, give allowance to his softened nature !

Ctes. Show grace to him !—Dost dare ?—I had forgot,

Thou dost not know how a son loves a father!

Ion. I know enough to feel for thee; I know
Thou hast endured the vilest wrongs that tyranny
In its worst frenzy can inflict;—yet think,
O think! before the irrevocable deed
Shuts out all thought, how much of power's excess
Is theirs who raise the idol:—do we groan
Beneath the personal force of this rash man,
Who forty summers since hung at the breast
A playful weakling; whom the heat unnerves;
The north-wind pierces; and the hand of death
May, in a moment, change, to clay as vile
As that of the scourged slave whose chains it severs?
No! 'tis our weakness gasping, or the shows
Of outward strength that builds up tyranny,
And makes it look so glorious:—If we shrink
Faint-hearted from the reckoning of our span
Of mortal days, we pamper the fond wish
For long duration in a line of kings:
If the rich pageantry of thoughts must fade,
All unsubstantial as the regal hues
Of eve which purpled them, our cunning frailty
Must robe a living image with their pomp,
And wreath a diadem around its brow,
In which our sunny fantasies may live
Empearl'd, and gleam, in fatal splendour, far
On after ages. We must look *within*
For that which makes us slaves;—on sympathies
Which find no kindred objects in the plain
Of common life—affections that aspire
In air too thin—and fancy's dewy film
Floating for rest: for even such delicate threads,
Gather'd by fate's engrossing hand, supply
The eternal spindle whence she weaves the bond
Of cable strength in which our nature struggles!

Ctes. Go, talk to others, if thou wilt;—to me
All argument, save that of steel, is idle.

Medon. No more;—let's to the council—there, my son,
Tell thy great message nobly; and for thee,
Poor orphan'd youth, be sure the gods are just! [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.—*The great Square of the City. ADRASTUS seated on a throne; AGENOR, TIMOCLES, CLEON, and others, seated as Councillors—SOLDIERS line the Stage at a distance.*

Adras. Upon your summons, Sages, I am here;
Your king attends to know your pleasure; speak it.

Agen. And canst thou ask? If the heart dead within thee
Receives no impress of this awful time,
Art thou of sense forsaken? Are thine ears
So charm'd by strains of slavish minstrelsy,
That the dull groan and frenzy-pointed shriek
Pass them unheard to Heaven? Or are thine eyes
So conversant with prodigies of grief,
They cease to dazzle at them? Art thou arm'd
'Gainst wonder, while, in all things, Nature turns
To dreadful contraries;—while Youth's full cheek
Is shrivell'd into furrows of sad years,
And 'neath its glossy curls untinged by care
Looks out a keen anatomy;—while Age
Is stung by feverish torture for an hour
Into youth's strength; while fragile Womanhood
Starts into frightful courage, all unlike
The gentle strength its gentle weakness feeds,
To make affliction beautiful, and stalks
Abroad, a tearless and unshuddering thing;—
While Childhood, in its orphan'd freedom blithe,
Finds, in the shapes of wretchedness which seem
Grotesque to its unsadden'd vision, cause
For dreadful mirth, that shortly shall be hush'd
In never-broken silence; and while Love,
Immortal through all change, makes ghastly Death
Its idol, and with furious passion digs
Amid sepulchral images for gauds
To cheat its fancy with?—Do sights like these
Glare through the realm thou shouldst be parent to,
And canst thou find the voice to ask "our pleasure?"

Adras. Cease, babbler;—wherefore would ye stun my
ears

With vain recital of the griefs I know,
And cannot heal?—will treason turn aside
The shafts of fate, or medicine Nature's ills?

I have no skill in pharmacy, nor power
To sway the elements.

Agen. Thou hast the power
To cast thyself upon the earth with us
In penitential shame : or, if this power
Hath left a heart made weak by luxury
And hard by pride, thou hast at least the power
To cease the mockery of thy frantic revels.

Adras. I have yet power to punish insult—look
I use it not, Agenor!—Fate may dash
My sceptre from me, but shall not command
My will to hold it with a feebler grasp ;
Nay, if few hours of empire yet are mine,
They shall be colour'd with a sterner pride,
And peopled with more lustrous joys, than flush'd
In the serene procession of its greatness,
Which look'd perpetual, as the flowing course
Of human things. Have ye beheld a pine
That clasp'd the mountain-summit with a root
As firm as its rough marble, and, apart
From the huge shade of undistinguish'd trees,
Lifted its head as in delight to share
The evening glories of the sky, and taste
The wanton dalliance of the heavenly breeze,
That no ignoble vapour from the vale
Could mingle with—smit by the flaming marl,
And lighted for destruction ? How it stood
One glorious moment, fringed and wreathed with fire
Which show'd the inward graces of its shape,
Uncumber'd now, and midst its topmost boughs,
That young Ambition's airy fancies made—
Their giddy nest, leap'd sportive ;—never clad
By liberal summer in a pomp so rich
As waited on its downfall, while it took
The storm-cloud roll'd behind it for a curtain,
To gird its splendours round, and made the blast
Its minister to whirl its flashing shreds
Aloft towards heaven, or to the startled depths
Of forests that afar might share its doom !
So shall the royalty of Argos pass
In fatal blaze to darkness ! Have ye spoken

Agen. I speak no more to thee!—Great Jove, look down!
[*Shouts without.*]

Adras. What factious brawl is this? disperse it, soldiers
[*Shouting renewed.—As some of the soldiers are about to march,*
PHOCION rushes in, followed by CTESIPHON, ION and MEDON
Whence is this insolent intrusion?

Pho. King!

I bear Apollo's answer to thy prayer.

Adras. Has not thy travel taught thy knee its duty?
Here we had school'd thee better.

Pho. Kneel to thee!

Medon. Patience, my son! Do homage to the king.

Pho. Never!—Thou talk'st of schooling—know, Adrastus
That I have studied in a nobler school,
Than the dull haunt of venal sophistry,
Or the lewd guard-room;—o'er which ancient Heaven
Extends its arch for all, and mocks the span
Of palaces and dungeons; where the heart
In its free beatings, 'neath the coarsest vest,
Claims kindred with diviner things than power
Of kings can raise or stifle—in the school
Of mighty Nature—where I learn'd to blush
At sight like this, of thousands basely hush'd
Before a man no mightier than themselves,
Save in the absence of that love that softens.

Adras. Peace! speak thy message.

Pho. Shall I tell it here?

Or shall I seek thy couch at dead of night,
And breathe it in low whispers!—As thou wilt.

Adras. Here—and this instant!

Pho. Hearken then, Adrastus,
And hearken, Argives—thus Apollo speaks:—
(*Reads a scroll*) "Argos ne'er shall find release
Till her monarch's race shall cease."

Adras. 'Tis not God's will, but man's sedition speaks
Guards! tear that lying parchment from his hands,
And bear him to the palace.

Medon. Touch him not,—
He is Apollo's messenger, whose lips
Were never stain'd with falsehood.

Pho. Come on, all!

Agcn. Surround him, friends! Die with him!

Adras. Soldiers, charge

Upon these rebels; hew them down. On! on!

[*The Soldiers advance and surround the people: they seize PHOCION. ION rushes from the back of the stage, and throws himself between ADRASTUS and PHOCION.*

Pho. (to ADRASTUS.) Yet I defy thee.

Ion. (to PHOCION.) Friend! for sake of all,
Enrage him not—wait while I speak a word—
My sovereign, I implore thee, do not stain—[*To ADRASTUS*
This sacred place with blood: in Heaven's great name
I do conjure thee—and in *hers*, whose spirit
Is mourning for thee now!

Adras. Release the stripling—
Let him go spread his treason where he will.
He is not worth my anger. To the palace!

Ion. Nay, yet an instant!—let my speech have power
From Heaven to move thee further: thou hast heard
The sentence of the god, and thy heart owns it;
If thou wilt cast aside this cumbrous pomp,
And in seclusion purify thy soul
Long fever'd and sophisticate, the gods
May give thee space for penitential thoughts;
If not—as surely as thou standest here,
Wilt thou lie stiff and weltering in thy blood,—
The vision presses on me now.

Adras. Art mad?
Resign my state? Sue to the gods for life,
The common life which every slave endures,
And meanly clings to? No; within yon walls
I shall resume the banquet, never more
Broken by man's intrusion. Councillors,
Farewell!—go mutter treason till ye perish!

[*Exeunt ADRASTUS, CRYTHES and Soldiers, L.*

Ion. (stands apart leaning on a pedestal.) 'Tis seal'd!

Medon. Let us withdraw, and strive
By sacrifice to pacify the gods! [MEDON, AGENT R, and
Councillors retire; they leave CTESIPHON, PHOCION and
ION. ION still stands apart, as rapt in meditation.

Ctes. 'Tis well; the measure of his guilt is fill'd
Where shall we meet at sunset?

Pho In the grove
Which with its matted shade imbrovns the vale:
Between those buttresses of rock that guard
The sacred mountain on its western side,
Stands a rude altar—overgrown with moss,
And stain'd with drippings of a million showers,
So old, that no tradition names the power
That hallow'd it,—which we will consecrate
Anew to freedom and to justice.

Ctes. Thither,
Will I bring friends to meet thee. Shall we speak
To yon rapt youth? [Pointing to Ion]

Pho. His nature is too gentle.
sunset we will meet.—With arms?

Ctes. A knife—
One sacrificial knife will serve.

Pho. At sunset! [*Exeunt CTESIPHON R. PHOCION C.L.*]

Ion (comes forward). O, wretched man, thy words have
seal'd thy doom!

Why should I shiver at it, when no way,
Save this, remains to break the ponderous cloud
That hangs above my wretched country?—death—
A single death, the common lot of all,
Which it will not be mine to look upon,—
And yet its ghastly shape dilates before me;
I cannot shut it out; my thoughts grow rigid,
And as that grim and prostrate figure haunts them:
My sinews stiffen like it. Courage, Ion!
No spectral form is here; all outward things
Wear their own old familiar looks; no dye
Pollutes them. Yet the air has scent of blood,
And now it eddies with a hurtling sound,
As if some weapon swiftly clove it. No—
The falchion's course is silent as the grave.
That yawns before its victim. Gracious powers!
If the great duty of my life be near,
Grant it may be to suffer, not to strike! [Exit, R.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Terrace of the Temple.*

Enter CLEMANTHE and ION. R.

Clem. Nay, I must chide this sorrow from thy brow
 Or 'twill rebuke my happiness;—I know
 Too well the miseries that hem us round;
 And yet the inward sunshine of my soul,
 Unclouded by their melancholy shadows,
 Bathes in its deep tranquillity one image—
 One only image, which no outward storm
 Can ever ruffle. Let me wean thee, then,
 From this vain pondering o'er the general woe,
 Which makes my joy look ugly.

Ion. No, my fair one,
 The gloom that wrongs thy love is unredeem'd
 By generous sense of others' woe; too sure
 It rises from dark presages within,
 And will not from me.

Clem. Then it is most groundless!
 Hast thou not won the blessing of the perishing
 By constancy, the fame of which shall live
 While a heart beats in Argos?—hast thou not
 Upon one agitated bosom pour'd
 The sweetest peace? and can thy generous nature,
 While it thus sheds felicity around it,
 Remain itself unblest'd?

Ion. I strove awhile
 To think the assured possession of thy love
 With too divine a burthen weigh'd my heart,
 And press'd my spirits down:—but 'tis not so
 Nor will I with false tenderness beguile thee,
 By feigning that my sadness has a cause
 So exquisite! Clemanthe! thou wilt find me
 A sad companion;—I who knew not life,
 Save as the sportive breath of happiness,
 Now feel my minutes teeming, as they rise,
 With grave experiences; I dream no more

Of azure realms where restless beauty sports
 In myriad shapes fantastic; dismal vaults
 In black succession open, till the gloom
 Afar is broken by a streak of fire —
 That shapes my name—the fearful wind that moans
 Before the storm articulates its sound;
 And as I pass'd but now the solemn range
 Of Argive monarchs, that in sculptured mockery
 Of present empire sit, their eyes of stone
 Bent on me instinct with a frightful life,
 That drew me into fellowship with them,
 As conscious marble; while their ponderous lips—
 Fit organs of eternity—unclosed,
 And, as I live to tell thee, murmur'd, “Hail!
 HAIL! ION THE DEVOTED!”

Clem. These are fancies,
 Which thy soul, late expanded with great purpose,
 Shapes, as it quivers to its natural circle
 In which its joys should lurk, as in the bud
 The cells of fragrance cluster. Bid them from thee,
 And strive to be thyself.

Ion. I will do so!
 I'll gaze upon thy loveliness, and drink
 Its quiet in;—how beautiful thou art!—
 My pulse throbs now as it was wont;—a being
 Which owns so fair a glass to mirror it,
 Cannot show darkly.

Clem. We shall soon be happy;
 My father will rejoice to bless our love,
 And Argos waken;—for her tyrant's course
 Must have a speedy end.

Ion. It must! It must!

Clem. Yes; for no empty talk of public wrongs
 Assails him now; keen hatred and revenge
 Are roused to crush him.

Ion. Not by such base agents
 May the august lustration be achieved:
 He who shall cleanse his country from the guilt
 For which Heaven smites her, should be pure of soul,
 Guileless as infancy, and undisturb'd
 By personal anger as thy father is,

When, with unswerving hand and piteous eye,
He stops the brief life of the innocent kid
Bound with white fillets to the altar ;—so
Enwreathed by fate the royal victim heaves,
And soon his breast shall shrink beneath the knife
Of the selected slayer !

Clem. 'Tis thyself

Whom thy strange language pictures—Ion ! thou—

Ion. She has said it ! Her pure lips have spoken out
What all things intimate :—didst thou not mark
Me for the office of avenger—*me* ?

Clem. No ;—save from the wild picture that thy fancy—
Thy o'erwrought fancy drew ; I thought it look'd
Too like thee, and I shudder'd.

Ion. So do I !

And yet I almost wish I shudder'd more,
For the dire thought has grown familiar with me—
Could I escape it !

Clem. 'Twill away in sleep.

Ion. No, no ! I dare not sleep—for well I know
That then the knife will gleam, the blood will gush,
The form will stiffen !—I will walk awhile
In the sweet evening light, and try to chase
These fearful images away.

Clem. Let me

Go with thee. Oh, how often, hand in hand,
In such a lovely light have we roam'd westward
Aimless and blessed ; when we were no more
Than playmates :—surely we are not grown stranger
Since yesterday !

Ion. No, dearest, not to-night :
The plague yet rages fiercely in the vale,
And I am placed in grave commission here
To watch the gates ;—indeed, thou must not pass ;
I will be merrier when we meet again,—
Trust me, my love, I will ; farewell !

[*Exit, L*

Clem. Farewell, then !

How fearful disproportion shows in one
Whose life hath been all harmony ! He bends
Toward that thick covert where in blessed hour
My father found him, which has ever been

His chosen place of musing. Shall I follow?
 Am I already grown a selfish mistress,
 To watch his solitude with jealous eye,
 And claim him all? That let me never be—
 Yet danger from within besets him now,
 Known to me only—I will follow him!

Exit, L.

SCENE II.—*An opening in a Deep Wood—in front an old gray Altar.*

Enter ION.

Ion. O winding pathways, o'er whose scanty blades
 Of unaspiring grass mine eyes have bent
 So often when by musing fancy sway'd,
 That craved alliance with no wider scene
 Than your fair thickets border'd, but was pleased
 To deem the toilsome years of manhood flown,
 And, on the pictured mellowness of age
 Idly reflective, image my return
 From careful wanderings, to find ye gleam
 With unchanged aspect on a heart unchanged,
 And melt the busy past to a sweet dream
 As then the future was;—why should ye now
 Echo my steps with melancholy sound,
 As ye were conscious of a guilty presence?
 The lovely light of eve, that, as it waned,
 Touch'd ye with softer, homelier look, now fades
 In dismal blackness; and yon twisted roots
 Of ancient trees, with whose fantastic forms
 My thoughts grew humourous, look terrible,
 As if about to start to serpent life;
 And hiss around me;—whither shall I turn?—
 Where fly?—I see the myrtle-cradled spot
 Where human love, instructed by divine,
 Found and embraced me first; I'll cast me down
 Upon the earth as on a mother's breast,
 In hope to feel myself again a child.

[Retires into the wood.]

Enter CTESIPHON, CASSANDER, and other Argive Youths.

Ctes. Sure this must be the place that Phocion spoke of;—
 The twilight deepens, yet he does not come.

Oh, if, instead of idle dreams of freedom,
He knew the sharpness of a grief like mine,
He would not linger thus!

Cass. The sun's broad disk
Of misty red, a few brief minutes since,
Sank 'neath the leaden wave; but night steals in
With rapid pace to veil us, and thy thoughts
Are eager as the favouring darkness.

Enter PHOCION.

Ctes. Welcome!
Thou know'st all here.

Pho. Yes; I rejoice, Cassander,
To find thee my companion in a deed
Worthy of all the dreamings of old days,
When we, two rebel youths, grew safely brave
In visionary perils. We'll not shame
Our young imaginations. Ctesiphon,
We look to thee for guidance in our aim.

Ctes. I bring you glorious news. There is a soldier
Who, in his reckless boyhood, was my comrade,
And though by taste of luxury subdued
Even to brook the tyrant's service, burns
With generous anger to avenge that grief
I bear above all others. He has made
The retribution sure. From him I learnt,
That when Adrastus reached his palace court,
He paused, to struggle with some mighty throng
Of passion; then call'd eagerly for wine,
And bade his soldiers share his choicest stores,
And snatch, like him, a day from Fortune. Soon,
As one worn out by watching and excess,
He stagger'd to his couch, where now he lies
Oppress'd with heavy sleep, while his loose soldiers
Made by the fierce carousal vainly mad
Or grossly dull, are scatter'd through the courts
Unarm'd and cautionless. The eastern portal
Is at this moment open; by that gate
We all may enter unperceived, and line
The passages which gird the royal chamber
While one blest hand within completes the design.

Which Heaven pronounces. Nothing now remains,
 But that, as all would share this action's glory,
 We join in one great vow, and choose one arm
 Our common minister. Oh, if these sorrows
 Confer on me the office to return
 Upon the tyrant's shivering heart the blow
 Which crush'd my father's spirit, I will leave
 To him who cares for toys the patriot's laurel
 And the applause of ages !

Pho. Let the gods

By the old course of lot reveal the name
 Of the predestined champion. For myself,
 Here do I solemnly devote all powers
 Of soul and body to that glorious purpose
 We live but to fulfil.

Ctes. And I !

Cass. And I !

Ion. (*who has advanced from the wood, rushes to the altar and exclaims*) And I !

Pho. Most welcome ! The serenest powers of justice,
 In prompting thy unspotted soul to join
 Our bloody councils, sanctify and bless them !

Ion. The gods have prompted me ; for they have given
 One dreadful voice to all things which should be
 Else dumb or musical ; and I rejoice
 To step from the grim round of waking dreams
 Into this fellowship which makes all clear.
 Wilt trust me, Ctesiphon ?

Ctes. Yes ; but we waste
 The precious minutes in vain talk ; if lots
 Must guide us, have ye scrolls ?

Pho. Cassander has them ;
 The flickering light of yonder glade will serve him
 To inscribe them with our names. Be quick, Cassander !

Ctes. I wear a casque, beneath whose iron circlet
 My father's dark hairs whiten'd ; let it hold
 The names of his avengers !

[CTESIPHON takes off his helmet and gives it to CASSANDER,
 who retires with it R.]

Pho (to CTESIPHON.) He whose name

Thou shalt draw first shall fill the post of glory.
Were it not also well, the second name
Should designate another, charged to take
The same great office, if the first should leave
His work imperfect?

Ctes. There can scarce be need;
Yet as thou wilt. May the first chance be mine!
I will leave little for a second arm!

[*CASSANDER returns with the helmet*

Ctes. Now, gods, decide!

[*CTESIPHON draws a lot from the helmet*

Pho. The name! Why dost thou pause?

Ctes. 'Tis Ion!

Ion. Well I knew it would be mine!

[*CTESIPHON draws another lot.*

Ctes. Phocion! it will be thine to strike him dead
If he should prove faint-hearted.

Pho. With my life
I'll answer for his constancy.

Ctes. (to *ION.*) Thy hand!
Tis cold as death.

Ion. Yes, but it is as firm.
What ceremony next?

[*CTESIPHON leads ION to the altar, and gives him a knife.*

Ctes. Receive this steel,
For ages dedicate in my sad home
To sacrificial uses; grasp it nobly,
And consecrate it to untrembling service
Against the king of Argos and his race.

Ion. His race! Is he not left alone on earth?
He hath no brother, and no child.

Ctes. Such words
The god hath used, who never speaks in vain.

Pho. There were old rumours of an infant born,
And strangely vanishing;—a tale of guilt
Half hush'd, perchance distorted in the hushing,
And by the wise scarce heeded, for they deem'd it
One of a thousand guilty histories,
Which, if the walls of palaces could speak,
Would show that, nursed by prideful luxury,
To pamper which the virtuous peasant toils,

Crimes grow unpunished, which the pirate's nest,
 Or want's foul hovel, or the cell which justice
 Keeps for unlicensed guilt, would startle at!
 We must root out the stock, that no stray scion
 Renew the tree, whose branches, stifling virtue,
 Shed poison-dews on joy.

[ION approaches the altar, and lifting up the knife, speaks.]

—Ye eldest gods,
 Who in no statues of exactest form
 Are palpable; who shun the azure heights
 Of beautiful Olympus, and the sound
 Of ever-young Apollo's minstrelsy;
 Yet, mindful of the empire which ye held
 Over dim Chaos, keep revengeful watch
 On falling nations, and on kingly lines
 About to sink forever; ye, who shed
 Into the passions of earth's giant brood
 And their fierce usages the sense of justice;
 Who clothe the fated battlements of tyranny
 With blackness as a funeral pall, and breathe
 Through the proud halls of time-embolden'd guilt
 Portents of ruin, hear me!—In your presence,
 For now I feel ye nigh, I dedicate
 This arm to the destruction of the king
 And of his race! Oh! keep me pitiless;
 Expel all human weakness from my frame,
 That this keen weapon shake not when his heart
 Should feel its point; and if he has a child
 Whose blood is needful to the sacrifice
 My country asks, harden my soul to shed it!—
 Was not that thunder?

Ctes. No; I heard no sound.

Now, mark me, Ion! Thou shalt straight be led
 To the king's chamber; we shall be at hand;
 Nothing can give thee pause. Hold! one should watch
 The city's eastern portal, lest the troops,
 Returning from the work of plunder home,
 Surround us unprepared. Be that thy duty.

[To PHOCION.]

Pho. I am to second Ion if he fail.

Ctes He cannot fail;—I shall be nigh. What, Ion!

Ion. Who spake to me? Where am I? Friends, your pardon:

I am prepared; yet grant me for a moment,
One little moment, to be left alone.

Ctes. Be brief then, or the season of revenge
Will pass. At yonder thicket we'll expect thee.

[*Exeunt all but Ion, L.*]

Ion. Methinks I breathe more freely, now my lot
Is palpable, and mortals gird me round,
Though my soul owns no sympathy with theirs.
Some one approaches—I must hide this knife—
Hide! I have ne'er till now had aught to hide
From any human eye. [*He conceals the knife in his vest.*]

Enter CLEMANTHE, U. E. L.

Clemanthe here!

Clem. Forgive me that I break upon thee thus:
I meant to watch thy steps unseen; but night
Is thickening; thou art haunted by sad fancies
And 'tis more terrible to think upon thee,
Wandering with such companions in thy bosom,
Than in the peril thou art wont to seek
Beside the bed of death.

Ion. Death, say'st thou? Death?
Is it not righteous when the gods decree it?
And brief its sharpest agony? Yet, fairest,
It is no theme for thee. Go in at once,
And think of it no more.

Clem. Not without thee!
Indeed, thou art not well; thy hands are marble;
Thine eyes are fixed; let me support thee, love—
Ha! what is that gleaming within thy vest?
A knife! Tell me its purpose, Ion!

Ion. No;
My oath forbids.

Clem. An oath! Oh, gentle Ion,
What can have link'd thee to a cause which needs
A stronger cement than a good man's word?
There's danger in it. Wilt thou keep it from me?

Ion. Alas I must. Thou wilt know all full soon—

[*Voices without call "Ion!" L.*]

Hark! I am call'd.

Clem Nay, do not leave me thus.

Ion 'Tis very sad (*voices again*)—I dare not stay—
farewell! [*Exit, 1st. v. l.*]

Clem. It must be to Adrastus that he hastes!

If by his hand the fated tyrant die,
Austere remembrance of the deed will hang
Upon his delicate spirit like a cloud,
And tinge its world of happy images
With hues of horror. Shall I to the palace,
And, as the price of my disclosure, claim
His safety? No!—'Tis never woman's part
Out of her fond misgivings, to perplex
The fortunes of the man to whom she cleaves;
'Tis hers to weave all that she has of fair
And bright in the dark meshes of their web,
Inseparate from their windings. My poor heart
Hath found its refuge in a hero's love,
Whatever destiny his generous soul
Shape for him;—'tis its duty to be still,
And trust him till it bound or break with his. [*Exit, l.*]

SCENE III.—*A chamber in the Temple.*

Enter MEDON, followed by ABRA, R.

Medon. My daughter not within the temple, sayest thou?
Abroad at such an hour? Sure, not alone
She wandered: tell me truly, did not Phœcion
Or Ion bear her company? 'Twas Ion—
Confess—was it not he? I shall not chide,
Indeed I shall not.

Abra. She went forth alone;
But it is true that Ion just before
Had taken the same path.

Medon. It was to meet him.
I would they were returned: the night is grown
Of an unusual blackness. Some one comes—
Look if it be my daughter.

Abra (looking out). No: young Irus,
The little slave, whose pretty tale of grief
Agenor, with so gracious a respect,

This morning told us.

Medon. Let him come : he bears
Some message from his master.

Enter IRUS, L.

Medon (to IRUS) Thou art pale :
Has any evil happened to Agenor ?

Irus. No, my good lord : I do not come from him ;
I bear to thee a scroll from one who now
Is numbered with the dead ; he was my kinsman,
But I had never seen him till he lay
Upon his death-bed ; for he left these shores
Long before I was born, and no one knew
His place of exile. On this mournful day
He landed, was plague-stricken, and expired.
My gentle master gave me leave to tend
His else unsolaced death-bed ; when he found
The clammy chillness of the grave steal on,
He called for parchment, and, with trembling hand,
That seem'd to gather firmness from its task,
Wrote earnestly ; conjured me take the scroll
Instant to thee—and died. [*Irus gives a scroll to MEDON.*]

Medon (reading the scroll). These are high tidings.
Abra ! is not Clemanthe come ? I long
To tell her all.

Enter CLEMANTHE.

Medon. Sit down, my pensive child.
Abra, this boy is faint : see him refreshed
With food and wine before thou lett'st him pass.

Irus. I have been too long absent from Agenor
Who needs my slender help.

Medon. Nay, I will use
Thy master's firmness here, and use it so
As he would use it. Keep him prisoner, Abra,
Till he has done my bidding. [*Exeunt ABRA and IRUS, R.*]
Now, Clemanthe,
Though thou hast play'd the truant and the rebel,
I will not be too strict in my award,
By keeping from thee news of one to thee
Most dear—nay, do not blush—I say most dear,

Clem. It is of Ion ! No,—I do not blush.

But tremble. O my father, what of Ion?

Medon. How often have we guessed his lineage noble!
And now 'tis proved. The kinsman of that youth
Was with another hired to murder him
A babe;—they tore him from his mother's breast,
And to a sea-girt summit, where a rock
O'erhung a chasm, by the surge's force
Made terrible, rush'd with him. As the gods
In mercy ordered it, the foremost ruffian,
Who bore no burden, pressing through the gloom
In the wild hurry of his guilty purpose,
Trod at the extreme verge upon a crag
Loosen'd by summer from its granite bed,
And suddenly fell with it; with his fall
Sank the base daring of the man who held
The infant; so he placed the unconscious babe
Upon the spot where it was found by me;
Watched till he saw the infant safe; then fled,
Fearful of question; and returned to die.
That child is Ion. Whom dost guess his sire?
The first in Argos!

Clem. Dost thou mean Adrastus?
He cannot—must not—be that tyrant's son!

Medon. It is most certain. Nay, my thankless girl,
He hath no touch of his rash father's pride;
For Nature, from whose genial lap he smiled
Upon us first, hath moulded for her own
The suppliant of her bounty;—thou art bless'd;
Thus, let me bid thee joy.

Clem. Joy, sayst thou?—joy!
Then I must speak—he seeks Adrastus' life!
And at this moment, while we talk, may stain
His soul with parricide.

Medon. Impossible!
Ion, the gentlest—

Clem. It is true, my father!
I saw the weapon gleaming in his vest;
heard him called!

Medon. Shall I alarm the palace?

Clem. No: in the fierce confusion, he would fall
Before our tale could be his safeguard. Gods!
Is there no hope, no refuge?

Medon. Yes, if Heaven
Assist us. I bethink me of a passage,
Which, fashioned by a king in pious zeal,
That he might seek the altar of the god
in secret, from the temple's inmost shrine
Leads to the royal chamber. I have tracked it
In youth for pastime. Could I tread it now,
I yet might save him.

Clem. Oh, make haste, my father!
Shall I attend thee?

Medon. No: thou would'st impede
My steps:—thou'rt fainting! when I have lodged thee safe
In thy own chamber, I will light the torch
And instantly set forward.

Clem. Do not waste
An instant's space on me: speed, speed, my father!
The fatal moments fly—I need no aid;—
Thou seest I am calm, quite calm.

Medon. The gods protect thee!

[*Exeunt MEDON L., CLEMANTHE R*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The royal Chamber.*

ADRASTUS on a couch asleep.—Enter ION with the knife.

Ion. Why do I creep thus stealthily along
With trembling steps? Am I not arm'd by Heaven
To execute its mandate on a king
Whom it hath doom'd? And shall I alter now,
While every moment that he breathes may crush
Some life else happy?—Can I be deceived,
By some foul passion, crouching in my soul,
Which takes a radiant form to lure me on?
Assure me, gods!—Yes; I have heard your voices;
For I dare pray ye now to nerve my arm
And see me strike! [*He goes to the couch*

He's smiling in his slumber,
 As if some happy thought of innocent days
 Play'd at his heart-strings : must I scare it thence
 With death's sharp agony ? He lies condemn'd
 By the high judgment of supernal Powers;
 And he shall know their sentence. Wake, *Adrastus* !
 Collect thy spirits, and be strong to die !

Adras. Who dares disturb my rest ? Guards ! Soldiers
 Recreants !

Where tarry ye ? Why smite ye not to earth
 This bold intruder ?—Ha, no weapon here !
 What wouldst thou with me, ruffian ?

Ion. I am none,

But a sad instrument in Jove's great hand
 To take thy life, long forfeited—Prepare !
 Thy hour is come !

Adras. Villains ! does no one hear ?

Ion. Vex not the closing minutes of thy being
 With torturing hope, or idle rage ; thy guards,
 Palsied with revelry, are scatter'd senseless,
 While the most valiant of our Argive youths
 Hold every passage by which human aid
 Could reach thee. Present death is the award
 Of Powers who watch above me, while I stand
 To execute their sentence.

Adras. Thou !—I know thee—

The youth I spared this morning, in whose ear
 I pour'd the secrets of my bosom. Kill me,
 If thou dar'st do it ; but bethink thee, first,
 How the grim memory of thy thankless deed
 Will haunt thee to the grave !

Ion. It is most true ;

Thou sparedst my life, and therefore do the gods
 Ordain me to this office, lest thy fall
 Seem the chance forfeit of some single sin,
 And not the great redress of Argos. Now—
 Now, while I parley—Spirits that have left,
 Within this hour, their plague-tormented flesh
 To rot untomb'd, ghde by, and frown on me,
 Their slow avenger—and the chamber swarms
 With looks of Furies—Yet a moment wait,

Ye dreadful prompters!—If there is a friend,
Whom, dying, thou wouldst greet by word or token,
Speak thy last bidding.

Adras. I have none on earth.

If thou hast courage, end me!

Ion. Not one friend!

Most piteous doom!

Adras. Art melted?

Ion. If I am,

Hope nothing from my weakness; mortal arms,
And eyes unseen that sleep not, gird us round,
And we shall fall together. Be it so!

Adras. No; strike at once; my hour is come: in thee
I recognize the minister of Jove,
And, kneeling thus, submit me to his power. [Kneels

Ion. Avert thy face!

Adras. No; let me meet thy gaze;
For breathing pity lights thy features up
Into more awful likeness of a form
Which once shone on me; and which now my senses
Shapes palpable—in habit of the grave,
Inviting me to the sad realm where shades
Of innocents, whom passionate regard
Link'd with the guilty, are content to pace
With them the margin of the inky flood
Mourning and calm; 'tis surely there; she waves
Her pallid hand in circle o'er thy head,
As if to bless thee—and I bless thee too,
Death's gracious angel!—Do not turn away.

Ion. Gods! to what office have ye doom'd me—Now!

[*ION raises his arm to stab ADRASTUS, who is kneeling and gazes steadfastly upon him. The voice of MEDON is heard without, calling, "ION!" "ION!" ION drops his arm.*

Adras. Be quick, or thou art lost!

[*As ION has again raised his arm to strike, MEDON rushes in behind him, c.*

Medon. Ion, forbear.

Behold thy son, Adrastus!

[*ION stands for a moment stupified with horror, drops the knife, and falls senseless on the ground*

Adras. What strange words
Are these, which call my senses from the death
They were composed to welcome? Son! 'tis false—
I had but one—and the deep wave rolls o'er him!

Medon. That wave received, instead of the fair nursing
One of the slaves who bore him from thy sight
In wicked haste to slay;—I'll give thee proofs.

Adras. Great Jove, I thank thee!—raise him gently—
proofs!

Are there not here the lineaments of her
Who made me happy once—the voice, now still,
That bade the long-sealed fount of love gush out,
While with a prince's constancy he came
To lay his noble life down; and the sure,
The dreadful proof, that he whose guileless brow
Is instinct with her spirit, stood above me,
Arm'd for the traitor's deed!—It is my child!

[*Ion, reviving, sinks on one knee before ADRASTUS.*]

Ion. Father!

[*Noise without*]

Medon. The clang of arms!

Ion (starting up). They come! they come!
They who are leagued with me against thy life
Here let us fall!

Adras. I will confront them yet.
Within I have a weapon which has drunk
A traitor's blood ere now;—there will I wait them:
No power less strong than death shall part us now.

[*Exeunt ADRASTUS and ION, as into an inner chamber U. E. 1*]

Medon. Have mercy on him, gods, for the dear sake
Of your most single-hearted worshipper!

Enter CTESIPHON, CASSANDER, and others, L. E. 1

Ctes. What treachery is this?—the tyrant fled,
And Ion fled too!—Comrades, stay this dotard,
While I search yonder chamber.

Medon. Spare him, friends,—
Spare him to clasp awhile his new-found son;
Spare him as Ion's father!

Ctes. Father! yes
That is indeed a name to bid me spare:—
Let me but find him, gods! [*Rushes into an inner chamber*]

Medon (To CASSANDER and others). Had ye but seen
What I have seen, ye would have mercy on him

CRYTHES enters with Soldiers, R.

Ha, soldiers! hasten to defend your master;
That way—

[*As CRYTHES is about to enter the inner chamber U. E. L.*
CTESIPHON rushes from it with a bloody dagger, and stops
them.

Ctes. It is accomplished: the foul blot
Is wiped away. Shade of my murdered father,
Look on thy son, and smile!

Cry. Whose blood is that?
It cannot be the king's!

Ctes. It cannot be!
Think'st thou, foul minion of a tyrant's will,
He was to crush, and thou to crawl for ever?
Look there, and tremble!

Cry. Wretch! thy life shall pay
The forfeit of this deed.

[*CRYTHES and soldiers seize CTESIPHON*

Enter ADRASTUS mortally wounded, supported by ION, U. E. L.

Adras. Here let me rest;—
In this old chamber did my life begin,
And here I'll end it: Crythes! thou hast timed
Thy visit well, to bring thy soldiers hither
To gaze upon my parting.

Cry. To avenge thee;—
Here is the traitor!

Adras. Set him free at once:—
Why do ye not obey me? Ctesiphon,
I gave thee cause for this;—believe me now
That thy true steel has made thy vengeance sure;
And as we now stand equal, I will sue
For a small boon—let me not see thee more.

Ctes. Farewell!

[*Exit, R*

Adras. (*To CRYTHES and soldiers.*) Why do ye tarry
here?
Begone!—still do ye hover round my couch?
If the commandment of a dying king

Is feeble, as a man who has embraced
 His child for the first time since infancy,
 And presently must part with him for ever,
 I do adjure ye leave us ! [*Exeunt all but Ion and ADRASTUS*]

Ion. Oh, my father !

How is it with thee now ?

Adras. Well ; very well ;—

Avenging Fate hath spent its utmost force
 Against me ; and I gaze upon my son
 With the sweet certainty that naught can part us
 Till all is quiet here. How like a dream
 Seems the succession of my regal pomps
 Since I embraced thy helplessness ! To me
 The interval hath been a weary one ;
 How hath it passed with thee ?

Ion. But that my heart

Hath sometimes ached for the sweet sense of kindred,
 I had enjoy'd a round of happy years
 As cherish'd youth e'er knew.

Adras. I bless the gods

That they have strewn along thy humble path
 Delights unblamed ; and in this hour I seem
 Even as I had lived so ; and I feel
 That I shall live in thee, unless that curse—
 Oh, if it should survive me !

Ion. Think not of it ;

The gods have shed such sweetness in this moment,
 That, howsoe'er they deal with me hereafter,
 I shall not deem them angry. Let me call
 For help to staunch thy wound ; thou art strong yet,
 And yet may live to bless me.

Adras. Do not stir ;

My strength is ebbing fast ; yet, as it leaves me,
 The spirit of my stainless days of love
 Awakens ; and their images of joy,
 Which at thy voice started from blank oblivion,
 When thou wert strange to me, and then half-shown
 Look'd sadly through the mist of gulfy years,
 Now glimmer on me in the lovely light
 Which at thy age they wore. Thou art all thy mother's,
 Her elements of gentlest virtue cast
 In mould heroical.

Ion. Thy speech grows fainter;
Can I do nothing for thee?

Adras. Yes;—my son
Thou art the best, the bravest, of a race
Of rightful monarchs; thou must mount the throne
Thy ancestors have fill'd, and by great deeds
Efface the memory of thy fated sire,
And win the blessing of the gods for men
Stricken for him. Swear to me thou wilt do this,
And I shall die forgiven.

Ion. I will.

Adras. Rejoice,
Sufferers of Argos!—I am growing weak,
And my eyes dazzle; let me rest my hands,
Ere they have lost their feeling, on thy head.—
So!—So!—thy hair is glossy to the touch
As when I last enwreath'd its tiny curl
About my finger; I did image then
Thy reign excelling mine; it is fulfill'd;
And I die happy. Bless thee, King of Argos! [Dies.

Ion. He's dead! and I am fatherless again.—
King did he hail me? shall I make that word
A spell to bid old happiness awake,
Throughout the lovely land that father'd me
In my forsaken childhood?

[He sees the knife on the ground and takes it up]
Most vain dream!
This austere monitor hath bid thee vanish
Ere half-reveal'd. Come back, thou truant steel;
Half of thy work the gods absolved thee from—
Thy rest remains! Lie there! *[He conceals the knife in his vest. Shouts heard without.]*

The voice of joy!
Is this thy funeral wailing? Oh, my father!
Mournful and brief will be the heritage
Thou leavest me; yet I promised thee in death
To grasp it;—and I will embrace it now.

Enter AGENOR.

Agen. Does the king live?

Ion. Alas! in me! The son
Of him whose princely spirit is at rest,

Claims his ancestral honours.

Agen. That high thought
Anticipates the prayer of Argos, roused
To sudden joy. The Sages wait without
To greet thee: wilt confer with them to-night,
Or wait the morning?

Ion. Now;—the city's state
Allows the past no sorrow. I attend them. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before the Gate of the City.*

PHOCION on guard.

Pho. Fool that I was to take this idle office,
At most inglorious distance from the scene
Which shall be freedom's birth-place; to endure
The phantasies of danger, which the soul
Uncheer'd by action coldly dallies with
Till it begins to shiver! Long ere this,
If Ion's hand be firm, the deed is past,
And yet no shout announces that the bonds
Of tyranny are broken. [*Shouts at a distance.*
Hark! 'tis done!—

Enter CTESIPHON, L.

All hail, my brother freeman!—art not so?
Thy looks are haggard—is the tyrant slain?
Is liberty achieved!

Ctes. The king is dead.
This arm—I bless the righteous Furies!—slew him

Pho. Did Ion quail, then?

Ctes. Ion!—clothe thy speech
In phrase more courtly; he is king of Argos.
Accepted as the tyrant's son, and reigns.

Pho. It cannot be; I can believe him born
Of such high lineage; yet he will not change
His own rich treasury of unruffled thoughts
For all the frigid glories that invest
The loveless state in which the monarch dwells
A terror and a slave. [*Shouts again*

Ctes. Dost hear that shout?

Tis raised for him!—the craven-hearted world
Is ever eager thus to hail a master.

And patriots smite for it in vain. Our Soldiers,
In the gay recklessness of men who sport
With life as with a plaything; Citizens,
On wretched beds gaping for show; and Sages,
Vain of a royal sophist, mad'y join
In humble prayer that he would deign to tread
Upon their necks; and he is pleased to grant it.

Pho. He shall not grant it! If my life, my sense,
My heart's affections, and my tongue's free scope
Wait the dominion of a mortal will,
What is the sound to me, whether my soul
Bear "Ion" or "Adrastus" burnt within it
As my soul's owner? Ion tyrant? No!
Grant me a moment's pleading with his heart,
Which has not known a selfish throb till now,
And thou shalt see him smile this greatness from him.

Ctes. Go teach the eagle when in azure heaven
He upward darts to seize his madden'd prey,
Shivering through the death-circle of its fear,
To pause and let it 'scape, and thou mayst win
Man to forego the sparkling round of power,
When it floats airily within his grasp!

Pho. Why thus severe? Our nature's common wrongs
Affect thee not; and that which touch'd thee nearly
Is well avenged.

Ctes. Not while the son of him
Who smote my father reigns! I little guess'd
Thou wouldst require a prompter to awake
The memory of the oath so freshly sworn,
Or of the place assign'd to thee by lot,
Should our first champion fail to crush the race—
Mark me!—"the race" of him my arm has dealt with.
Now is the time, the palace all confused;
And the prince dizzy with strange turns of fortune
To do thy part.

Pho. Have mercy on my weakness!
If thou hadst known this comrade of my sports,
One of the same small household whom his mirth
Unfailing gladden'd;—if a thousand times
Thou hadst, by strong prosperity made thoughtless,
Touched his unfathered nature in its nerve

Of agony, and felt no chiding glance ;—
 Hadst thou beheld him overtax his strength
 To serve the wish his genial instinct guessed,
 Till his dim smile the weariness betrayed,
 Which it would fain dissemble ; hadst thou known
 In sickness the sweet magic of his care,
 Thou couldst not ask it.—Hear me, Ctesiphon !
 I had a deadly fever once, and slaves
 Fled me : he watched, and glided to my bed,
 And soothed my dull ear with discourse which grew
 By nice degrees to ravishment, till pain
 Seem'd an heroic sense, which made me kin
 To the great deeds he pictured, and the brood
 Of dizzy weakness flickering through the gloom
 Of my small curtain'd prison, caught the hues
 Of beauty spangling out in glorious change,
 And it became a luxury to lie
 And faintly listen. Canst thou bid me slay him
 Ctes. The deed be mine ! Thou'lt not betray me ?

[Going]

Pho. Hold !

If by our dreadful compact he must fall,
 I will not smite him with my coward thought
 Winging a distant arm ; I will confront him
 Arm'd with delicious memories of our youth,
 And pierce him through them all.

Ctes. Be speedy, then !

Pho. Fear not that I shall prove a laggard, charged
 With weight of such a purpose. Fate commands,
 And I live now but to perform her bidding.

[Exeunt CTESIPHON, R. PHOCION &c.]

SCENE III.—A Terrace in the Garden of the Palace—
 moonlight.

Enter ION and AGENOR, C.

Agen. Wilt thou not in to rest ?

Ion. My rest is here—

Beneath the greatness of the heavens, which awes
 My spirit, tossed by sudden change, and torn
 By various passions, to repose. Yet age

Requires more genial nourishment—pray seek it—
I will but stay thee to inquire once more
If any symptom of returning health
Bless the wan city?

Agen. No: the perishing
Lift up their painful heads to bless thy name,
And their eyes kindle as they utter it;
But still they perish.

Ion. So!—give instant order,
The rites which shall confirm me in my throne,
Be solemnized to-morrow.

Agen. How! so soon,
While the more sacred duties to the dead
Remain unpaid?

Ion. Let them abide my time—
They will not tarry long. I see thee gaze
With wonder on me—do my bidding now,
And trust me till to-morrow. Pray go in,
The night will chill thee else.

Agen. Farewell, my lord!

[*Exit A.*

Ion. Now all is stillness in my breast—how soon
To be displaced by more profound repose,
In which no thread of consciousness shall live
To feel how calm it is!—O lamp serene,
Do I lift up to thee undazzled eyes
For the last time? Shall I enjoy no more
Thy golden haziness, which seemed akin
To my young fortune's dim felicity?
And when it coldly shall embrace the urn
That shall contain my ashes, will no thought
Of all the sweet ones cherish'd by thy beams
Awake to tremble with them? Vain regret!
The pathway of my duty lies in sunlight,
And I would tread it with as firm a step,
Though it should terminate in cold oblivion,
As if Elysian pleasures at its close
Gleam'd palpable to sight as things of earth.
Who passes there?

Enter PHOCION, U. E. L. who strikes at ION with a dagger

Pho. This to the king of Argos! [*ION struggles with him, seizes the dagger, which he throws away.*

Ion. I will not fall by thee, poor wavering novice
In the assassin's trade!—thy arm is feeble.

[*He confronts PHOCION*
Phocion!—Was this well aim'd? thou didst not mean—

Pho. I meant to take thy life, urged by remembrance
Of yesterday's great vow.

Ion. And couldst thou think
I had forgotten?

Pho. Thou?

Ion. Couldst thou believe,
That one, whose nature had been arm'd to stop
The life-blood's current in a fellow's veins,
Would hesitate when gentler duty turn'd
His steel to nearer use! To-morrow's dawn
Shall see me wield the sceptre of my fathers:
Come, watch beside my throne, and, if I fail
In sternest duty which my country needs,
My bosom will be open to thy steel,
As now to thy embrace!

Pho. Thus let me fall
Low at thy feet, and kneeling, here receive
Forgiveness! do not crush me with more love
Than lies in the word "PARDON."

Ion. And that word
I will not speak;—what have I to forgive?
A devious fancy, and a muscle raised
Obedient to its impulse! Dost thou think
The tracings of a thousand kindnesses,
Which taught me all I guessed of brotherhood,
Are in the rashness of a moment lost?

Pho. I cannot look upon thee: let me go
And lose myself in darkness.

Ion. Nay, old playmate,
We part not thus:—the duties of my state
Will shortly end our fellowship: but spend
A few short minutes with me. Dost remember
How in a night like this we climb'd yon walls—
Two vagrant urchins, and with tremulous joy
Skimm'd through these statue-border'd walks, that gleam'd
In bright succession? Let us tread them now;
And think we are but older by a day.

And that the pleasant walk of yester-night
We are to-night retracing. Come, my friend!
What, drooping yet! thou wert not wont to seem
So stubborn. Cheerily, my Phocion—come!

[*Exeunt, &*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The terrace of the Palace.—Time, the morning
of the second day.*

Two SOLDIERS on guard.

1 *Sol.* A stirring season, comrade! our new prince
Has leap'd as eagerly into his seat,
As he had languished an expectant heir
Weary of nature's kindness to old age.
He was esteem'd a modest stripling: strange
That he should, with such reckless hurry, seize
The gaudy shows of power!

2 *Sol.* 'Tis honest nature;
The royal instinct was but smouldering in him,
And now it blazes forth. I pray the gods
He may not give us cause to mourn his sire.

1 *Sol.* No more: he comes.

Enter ION, c.

Ion. Why do ye loiter here?
Are all the statues deck'd with festal wreaths
As I commanded?

1 *Sol.* We have been on guard
Here, by Agenor's order, since the nightfall.

Ion. On guard! Well, hasten now, and see it done,
I need no guards.

[*Exeunt Soldiers*
The awful hour draws near—
I am composed to meet it.—Phocion comes:
He will unman me; yet he must not go,
Thinking his presence painful.

Enter PHOCION, L.

Friend, good morrow!
Thou play'st the courtier early.

Pho. Canst thou speak
In that old tone of common cheerfulness
That blithely promises delightful years
And held thy mournful purpose?

Ion. I have drawn
From the selectest fountain of repose
A blessed calm:—when I lay down to rest,
I fear'd lest bright remembrances of childhood
Should with untir'dly visitation mock me;
But deep and dreamless have my slumbers been.
If sight of thee renews the thoughts of life
Too busily—I prize the love that wakes them.

Pho. Oh! cherish them, and let them plead with thee
To grant my prayer,—that thou wouldst live for Argos,
Not die for her;—thy gracious life shall win,
More than thy death, the favour of the gods,
And charm the marble aspect of grim Fate
Into a blessed change: I, who am vow'd,
And who so late was arm'd Fate's minister,
Implore thee!

Ion. Speak to me no more of life!
There is a dearer name I would recall—
Thou understand'st me—

Enter AGENOR, L.

Agén. Thou hast forgot to name
Who shall be bidden to this evening's feast.

Ion. The feast! most true; I had forgotten it.
Bid whom thou wilt; but let there be large store,
If our sad walls contain it, for the wretched
Whom hunger palsies. It may be few else
Will taste it with a relish. [Exit AGENOR, L.]

(ION resumes his address to PHOCION, and continues it, broken by the interruptions which follow.) I would speak
A word of her who yester-morning rose
To her light duties with as blithe a heart
As ever yet its equal beating veil'd
In moveless alabaster;—plighted now,

In liberal hour, to one whose destiny
Shall freeze the sources of enjoyment in it,
And make it heavy with the life-long pang
A widow'd spirit bears!—

Enter CLEON, L.

Cleon. The heralds wait
To learn the hour at which the solemn games
Shall be proclaim'd,

Ion. The games!—yes, I remember
That sorrow's darkest pageantries give place
To youth's robustest pastimes—Death and Life
Embracing:—at the hour of noon.

Cleon. The wrestlers
Pray thee to crown the victor.

Ion. If I live,
Their wish shall govern me.

[Exit CLEON, L.]

Could I recall
One hour, and bid thy sister think of me
With gentle sorrow, as a playmate lost,
I should escape the guilt of having stopp'd
The pulse of hope in the most innocent soul
That ever passion ruffled. Do not talk
Of me as I shall seem to thy kind thoughts,
But harshly as thou canst; and if thou steal
From thy rich store of popular eloquence
Some bitter charge against the faith of kings,
'Twill be an honest treason.

Enter CASSANDER, R.

Cass. Pardon me,
If I entreat thee to permit a few
Of thy once cherished friends to bid thee joy
Of that which swells their pride.

Ion. They'll madden me.—
Dost thou not see me circled round with care?
Urge me no more. *[As CASSANDER is going, ION leaves*
PHOCION, and comes to him.]

Come back, Cassander! see
How greatness frets the temper. Keep this ring—
It may remind thee of the pleasant hours
That we have spent together, ere our fortunes

Grew separate ; and with thy gracious speech
Excuse me to our friends. [Exit CASSANDER, &c.]

Pho. 'Tis time we seek
The temple.

Ion. Phocion ! must I to the temple ?

Pho. There sacrificial rites must be perform'd
Before thou art enthroned.

Ion. Then I must gaze
On things which will arouse the struggling thoughts
I had subdued—perchance may meet with her
Whose name I dare not utter. I am ready. [Exit, &c.]

SCENE II.—*The Temple.*

CLEMANTHE and ABRA, discovered.

Abra. Be comforted, dear lady ;—he must come
To sacrifice.

Clem. Recall that churlish word,
That stubborn "*must*," that bounds my living hopes,
As with an iron circle. He *must* come !
How piteous is affection's state, that cleaves
To such a wretched prop ! I had flown to him
Long before this, but that I fear'd my presence
Might prove a burthen,—and he sends no word,
No token that he thinks of me ? Art sure
That he *must* come ? The hope has torture in it ;
Yet it is all my bankrupt heart hath left
To feed upon.

Abra. I see him now with Phocion
Pass through the inner court.

Clem. He will not come
This way, then, to the place for sacrifice.
I can endure no more ; speed to him, Abra ;
And bid him, if he holds Clemanthe's life
Worthy a minute's loss to seek me here.

Abra. Dear lady !—

Clem. Do not answer me, but run,
Or I shall give yon crowd of sycophants
To gaze upon my sorrow. [Exit ABRA, &c.]
It is hard ;
Yet I must strive to bear it, and find solace

In that high fortune which has made him strange,
He bends this way—but slowly—mournfully.
O, he is ill; how has my slander wronged him!

Enter ION, L.

Ion. What wouldst thou with me, lady?

Clem. Is it so?

Nothing, my lord, save to implore thy pardon,
That the departing gleams of a bright dream,
From which I scarce had waken'd, made me bold
To crave a word with thee;—but all are fled—
And I have naught to seek.

Ion. A goodly dream;
But thou art right to think it was no more,
And study to forget it.

Clem. To forget it?
Indeed, my lord, I cannot wish to lose
What, being past, is all my future hath,
All I shall live for: do not grudge me this,
The brief space I shall need it.

Ion. Speak not, fair one,
In tone so mournful, for it makes me feel
Too sensibly the hapless wretch I am,
That troubled the deep quiet of thy soul
In that pure fountain which reflected heaven,
For a brief taste of rapture.

Clem. Dost thou yet
Esteem it rapture, then? My foolish heart,
Be still! Yet wherefore should a crown divide us?
Oh, my dear Ion! let me call thee so
This once at least—it could not in my thoughts
Increase the distance that there was between us
When, rich in spirit, thou to strangers' eyes
Seem'd a poor foundling.

Ion. It must separate us!
Think it no harmless bauble, but a curse
Will freeze the current in the veins of youth,
And from familiar touch of genial hand,
From household pleasures, from sweet daily tasks,
From airy thought, free wanderer of the heavens,
For ever banish me!

Clem. Thou dost accuse
Thy state too hardly. It may give some room,
Some little space, amid its radiant folds,
For love to make its nest in!

Ion. Not for me:

My pomp must be most lonesome, far removed
From that sweet fellowship of human kind
The slave rejoices in; my solemn robes
Shall wrap me as a panoply of ice,
And the attendants who may throng around me
Shall want the flatteries which may basely warm
The sceptral thing they circle. Dark and cold
Stretches the path, which, when I wear the crown,
I needs must enter;—the great gods forbid
That thou should'st follow in it!

Clem. Oh, unkind!

And shall we never see each other?

Ion. (after a pause.) Yes!

I have asked that dreadful question of the hills
That look eternal; of the flowing streams
That lucid flow for ever; of the stars,
Amid whose fields of azure my raised spirit
Hath trod in glory: all were dumb; but now,
While I thus gaze upon thy living face,
I feel the love that kindles through its beauty,
Can never wholly perish;—we *shall* meet
Again, Clemanthe!

Clem. Bless thee for that name;
Call me that name again! thy words sound strangely
Yet they breathe kindness. Shall we meet indeed?
Think not I would intrude upon thy cares,
Thy councils, or thy pomps;—to sit at distance,
To weave, with the nice labour which preserves
The rebel pulses even, from gay threads
Faint records of thy deeds, and sometimes catch
The falling music of a gracious word,
Or the stray sunshine of a smile, will be
Comfort enough;—do not deny me this;
Or, if stern fate compel thee to deny,
Kill me at once!

Ion. No; thou must live, my fair one;

There are a thousand joyous things in life,
Which pass unheeded in a life of joy
As thine hath been, till breezy sorrow comes
To ruffle it; and daily duties paid
Hardly at first, at length will bring repose
To the sad mind that studies to perform them.
Thou dost not mark me.

Clem. Oh, I do! I do!

Ion. If for thy brother's and thy father's sake
Thou art content to live, the healer Time
Will reconcile thee to the lovely things
Of this delightful world,—and if another,
A happier—no, I cannot bid thee love
Another!—I did think I could have said it,
But 'tis in vain.

Clem. Thou art mine own, then, still?

Ion. I am thine own! thus let me clasp thee; nearer!
Oh, joy too thrilling and too short!

Enter AGENOR, R.

Agén. My lord,
The sacrificial rites await thy presence.

Ion. I come.—One more embrace—the last, the last
in this world! Now farewell! [*Exeunt AGENOR and ION.*]

Clem. The last embrace!

Then he has cast me off!—No, 'tis not so;
Some mournful secret of his fate divides us:
I'll struggle to bear that, and snatch a comfort
From seeing him uplifted. I will look
Upon him on his throne; Minerva's shrine
Will shelter me from vulgar gaze: I'll hasten,
And feast my sad eyes with his greatness there! [*Exit, R.*]

SCENE III.—*The great Square of the city,—on the L.
a throne of state prepared,—on the R. an altar,—the statues
decorated with garlands.*

Enter CTESIPHON and CASSANDER, R. & E.

Ctes. Vex me no more, by telling me, Cassander,
Of his fair speech; I prize it at its worth:
Thou'lt see how he will act when seated firm
Upon the throne the craven tyrant fill'd,

Where good he boasts, unless some honest arm
Should shed it first.

Cas. Hast thou forgot the time
When thou thyself wert eager to foretell
His manhood's glory from his childish virtues?
Let me not think thee one of those fond prophets,
Who are well pleased still to foretell success,
So it remain their dream.

Ctes. Thou dost forget
What has chill'd fancy and delight within me—
[*Music at a distance.*

Hark!—servile trumpets speak his coming—watch;
How power will change him. [*They stand aside.*

The Procession. Enter U. E. R. MEDON, AGENOR, PHOCION, TIMOCLES, CLEON, *Sages and People*—ION last in royal robes. He advances amidst shouts.

Ion. I thank you for your greeting—Shout no more,
But in deep silence raise your hearts to Heaven,
That it may strengthen one so young and frail
As I am, for the business of this hour.
Must I sit here?

Medon. Permit thy earliest friend,
Who has so often propp'd thy tottering steps,
To lead thee to thy throne,—and thus fulfil
His fondest vision.

Ion. Thou art still most kind—

Medon. Nay, do not think of me—my son! my son!
What ails thee? When thou should'st reflect the joy
Of Argos, the strange paleness of the grave
Marbles thy face.

Ion. Am I indeed so pale?
It is a solemn office I assume;
Yet thus, with Phœbus' blessing, I embrace it.

[*Sits on the throne*

Stand forth, Agenor!

Agén. I await thy will.

Ion. To thee I look as to the wisest friend
Of this afflicted people—thou must leave
Awhile the quiet which thy life hath earn'd,
To rule our councils; fill the seats of justice

With good men—not so absolute in goodness,
As to forget what human frailty is;—
And order my sad country.

Agen. Pardon me—

Ion. Nay, I will promise 'tis my last request:
Thou never couldst deny me what I sought
In boyish wantonness, and shalt not grudge
Thy wisdom to me, till our state revive
From its long anguish;—it will not be long
If Heaven approve me here. Thou hast all power
Whether I live or die.

Agen. Die! I am old—

Ion. Death is not jealous of thy mild decay,
Which gently wins thee his; exulting Youth
Provokes the ghastly monarch's sudden stride,
And makes his horrid fingers quick to clasp
His shivering prey at noontide. Let me see
The captain of the guard.

Cry. I kneel to crave
Humbly the favour which thy sire bestow'd
On one who loved him well.

Ion. I cannot thank thee,
That wakest the memory of my father's weakness;
But I will not forget that thou hast shared
The light enjoyments of a noble spirit,
And learned the need of luxury. I grant
For thee and thy brave comrades, ample share
Of such rich treasures as my stores contain,
To grace thy passage to some distant land,
Where, if an honest cause engage thy sword,
May glorious laurels wreath it! In our realm,
We shall not need it longer.

Cry. Dost intend
To banish the firm troops before whose valour
Barbarian millions shrink appall'd, and leave
Our city naked to the first assault
Of reckless foes?

Ion. No, Crythes!—in ourselves,
In our own honest hearts and chainless hands
Will be our safeguard;—while we seek no use
Of arms we would not have our children blend

With their first innocent wishes ; while the love
 Of Argos and of justice shall be one
 To their young reason ; while their sinews grow
 Firm 'midst the gladness of heroic sports,—
 We shall not ask, to guard our country's peace,
 One selfish passion, or one venal sword.
 I would not grieve thee ;—but thy valiant troop—
 For I esteem them valiant—must no more,
 With luxury which suits a desperate camp,
 Infect us. See that they embark, Agenor,
 Ere night.

Cry. My lord—

Ion. No more—my word hath pass'd.
 Medon, there is no office I can add
 To those thou hast grown old in ;—thou wilt guard
 The shrine of Phœbus, and within thy home—
 Thy too delightful home—befriend the stranger
 As thou didst me ;—there sometimes waste a thought
 On thy spoil'd inmate !

Medon. Think of thee, my lord ?

Long shall we triumph in thy glorious reign—

Ion. Prithee no more. Argives ! I have a boon
 To crave of you ;—when'er I shall rejoin
 In death the father from whose heart in life
 Stern fate divided me, think gently of him !
 For ye, who saw him in his full-blown pride,
 Knew little of affections crush'd within,
 And wrongs which frenzied him ; yet never more
 Let the great interests of the state depend
 Upon the thousand chances that may sway
 A piece of human frailty ! Swear to me
 That ye will seek hereafter in yourselves
 The means of sovereign rule :—our narrow space,
 So happy in its confines, so compact,
 Needs not the magic of a single name
 Which wider regions may require to draw
 Their interests into one ; but, circled thus,
 Like a bless'd family by simple laws,
 May tenderly be governed ; all degrees
 Moulded together as a single form
 Of nymph like loveliness, which finest chords

Of sympathy pervading shall suffice
 In times of quiet with one bloom, and fill
 With one resistless impulse, if the hosts
 Of foreign power should threaten. Swear to me
 That ye will do this!

Medon. Wherefore ask this now?
 Thou shalt live long! The paleness of thy face
 Which late appalled me, is grown radiant now,
 And thine eyes kindle with the prophecy
 Of lustrous years.

Ion. The gods approve me, then!
 Yet will I use the function of a king,
 And claim obedience. Promise, if I leave
 No issue, that the sovereign power shall live
 In the affections of the general heart,
 And in the wisdom of the best.

Medon and others (kneeling). We swear it!

Ion. Hear and record the oath, immortal powers!
 Now give me leave a moment to approach
 That altar, unattended. [*He goes to the altar.*
 Gracious gods!

In whose mild service my glad youth was spent,
 Look on me now; and if there is a Power,—
 As at this solemn time I feel there is,—
 Beyond ye, that hath breathed through all your shapes
 The spirit of the beautiful that lives
 In earth and heaven:—to ye I offer up
 This conscious being, full of life and love,
 For my dear country's welfare. Let this blow
 End all her sorrows! [*Stabs himself and falls.* **CTESIPHON**
rushes to support him.

Ctesiphon, thou art
 Avenged, and wilt forgive me.

Ctes. Thou hast pluck'd
 The poor disguise of hatred from my soul,
 And made me feel how shallow is the wish
 Of vengeance. Could I die to save thee!

CLEMANTHE rushes forward.

Clem. Hold!
 Let me support him—stand away! indeed

I have best right, although ye knew it not,
To cling to him in death.

Ion. This is a joy
I did not hope for—this is sweet indeed!
Bend thine eyes on me!

Clem. And for this it was
Thou wouldst have weaned me from thee? Couldst thou
think
I would be so divorced?

Ion. Thou art right, Clemanthe:
It was a shallow and an idle thought—
'Tis past! No show of coldness frets us now,
No vain disguise, my love. Yet thou wilt think
On that, which, when I feign'd, I truly said—
Wilt thou not, sweet one?

Clem. I will treasure all.

Enter Irus, L.

Irus. I bring you glorious tidings—Ha! no joy
Can enter here.

Ion. Yes—is it as I hope?

Irus. The pestilence abates.

Ion (*springs on his feet*). Do ye not hear?
Why shout ye not?—ye are strong—think not of me.
Hearken! the curse my ancestry had spread
O'er Argos, is dispelled—Agenor, give
This gentle youth his freedom, who hath brought
Sweet tidings that I shall not die in vain!—
And Medon! cherish him as thou hast one
Who, dying, blesses thee;—my own Clemanthe!
Let this console thee also—Argos lives—
The offering is accepted—all is well!

I Dis

The Curtain Falls.

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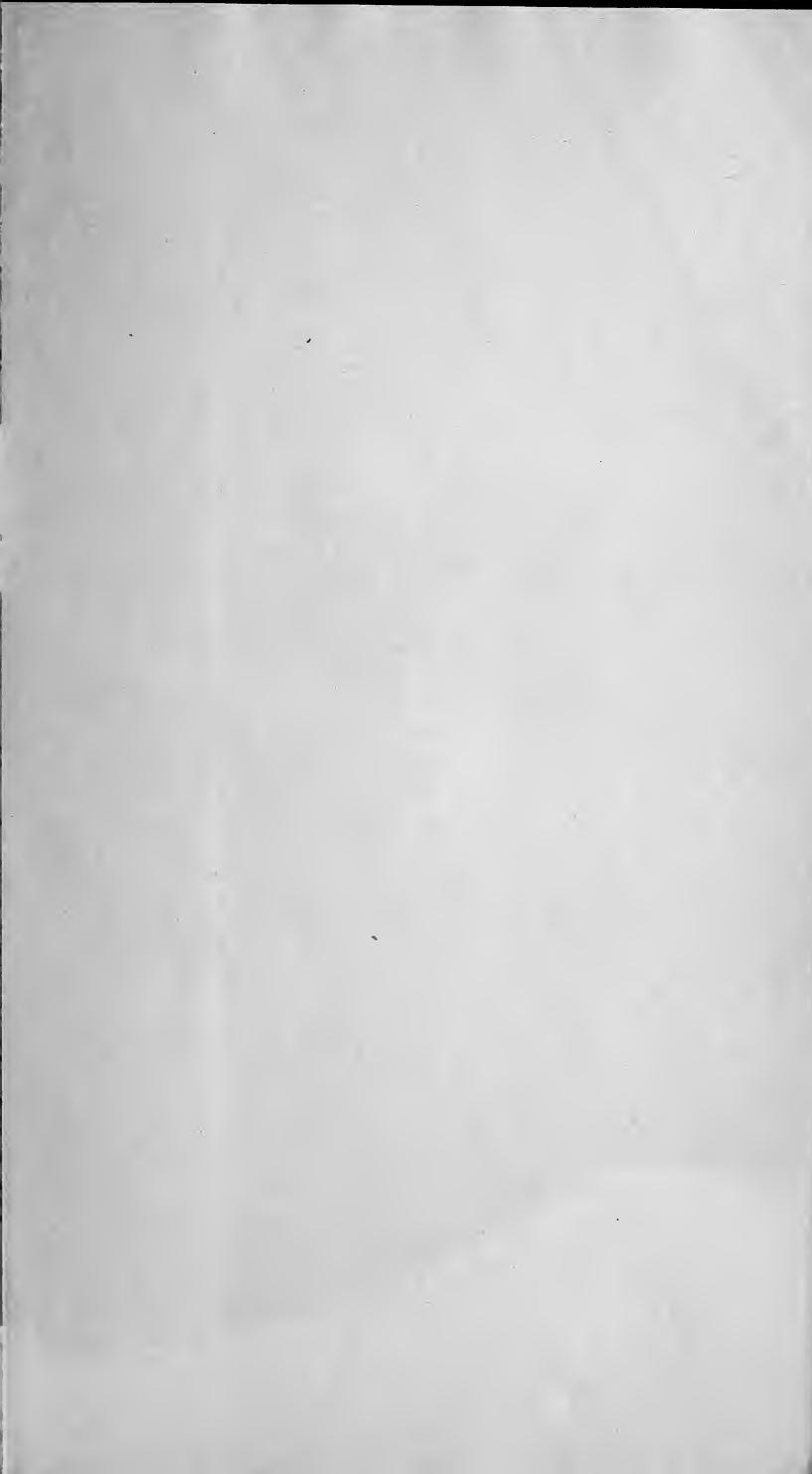
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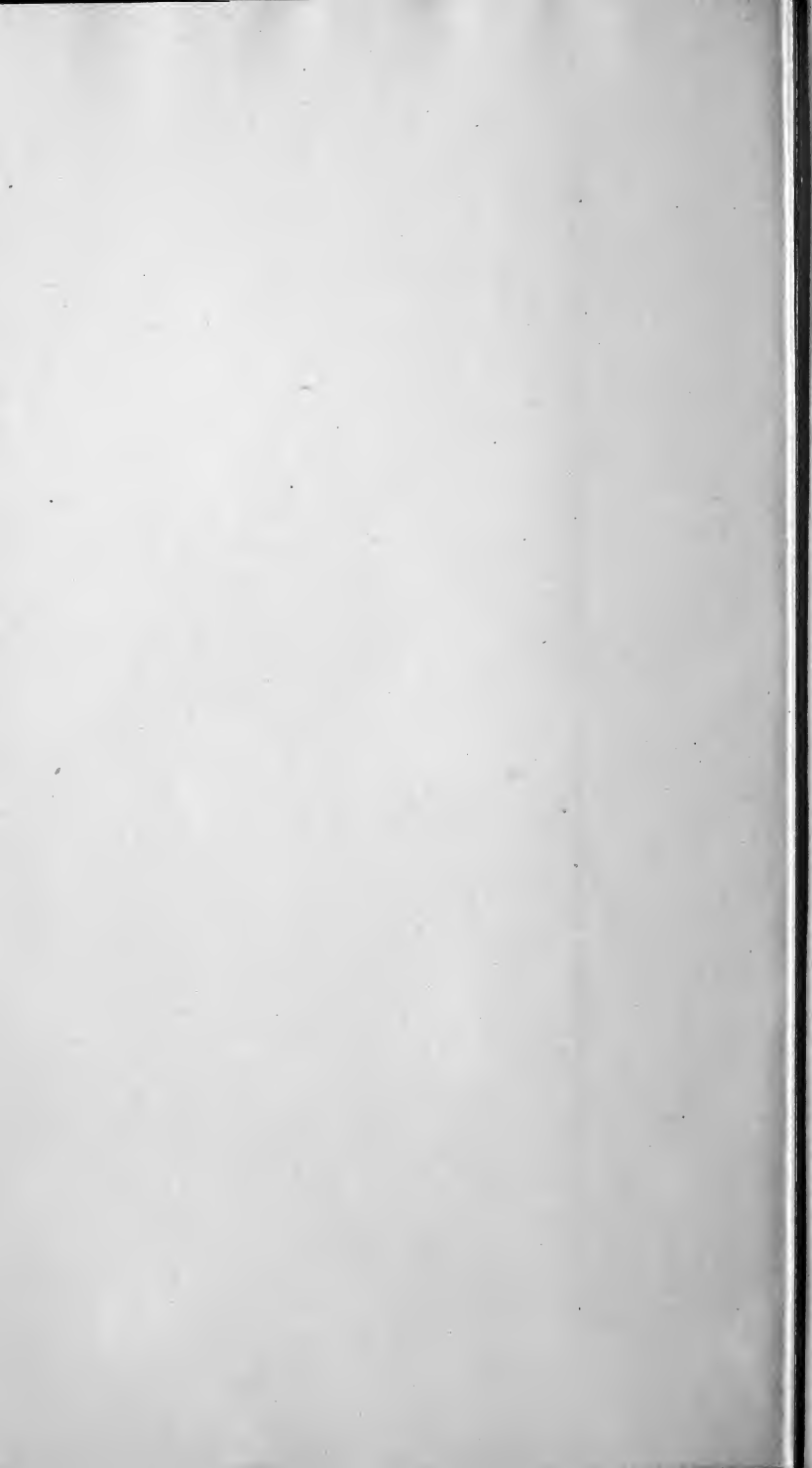
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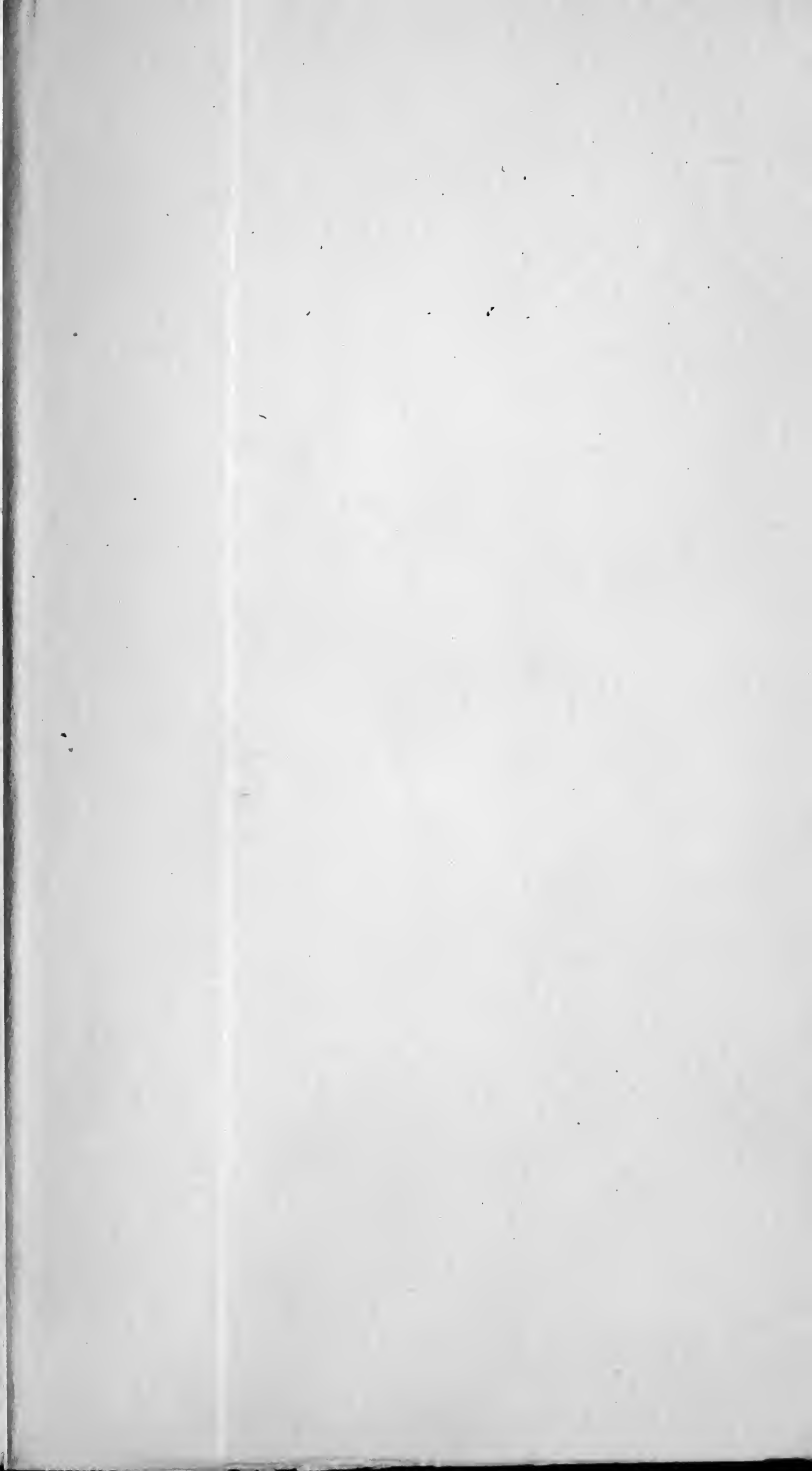
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